CAN NEWSPAPERS SURVIVE WITHOUT SEX?...A DEBATE

Saturday Review

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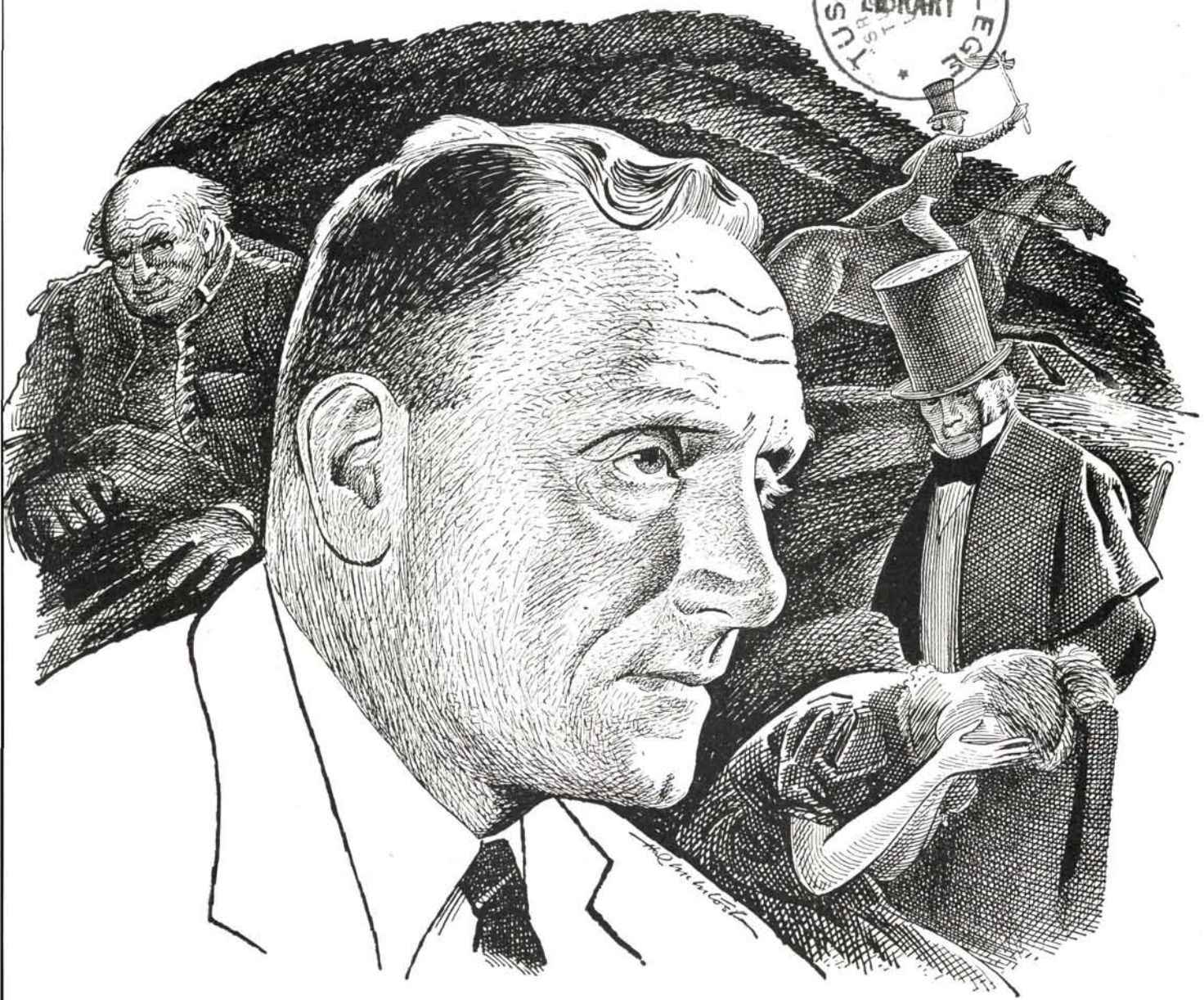

Robert Penn Warren, author of "World Enough and Time." (See page 11)

With Casals at Prades

(See Recordings page 50)

By ROLAND GELATT

Fragments from a French Diary

By DAVID L. COHN

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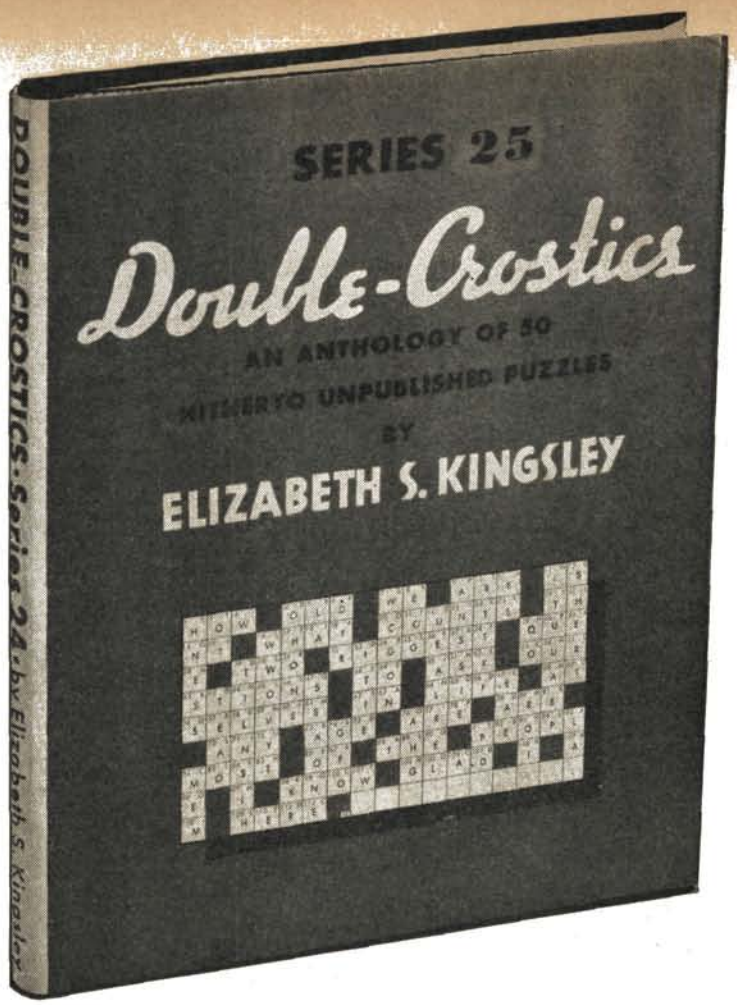

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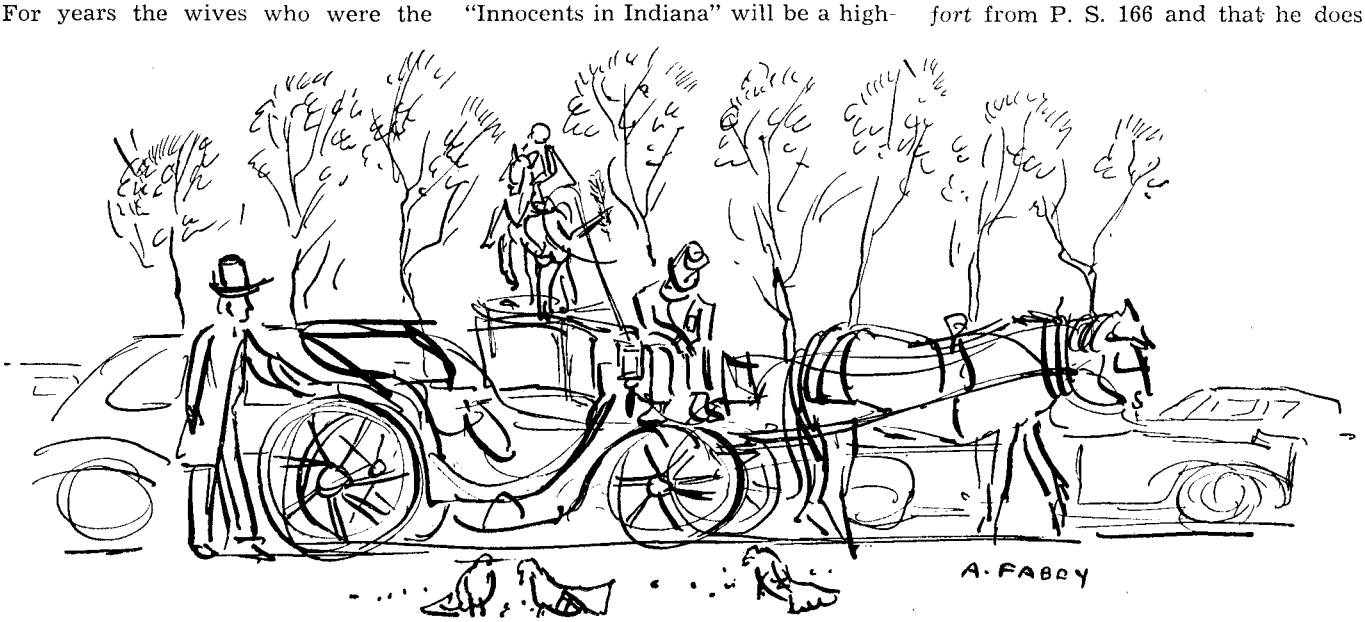
TRADE Winds

THE ANNOUNCEMENT by a statistical bureau that there are no less than sixty-two book clubs of varying sizes and descriptions operating today in the United States gave a group of convivials at the home of Carl Brandt a brilliant idea the other evening. Their revolutionary project is a Book Club Book Club, whose eminent jury will select the "best" book each month from the sixty-two chosen by their competitors, thus assuring subscribers the ultimate and untoppable crème de la crème. The sponsors of the BCBC plan no dividends but with every two selections accepted by a customer somebody will come along to read them out loud. This will not only save subscribers wear and tear on the eyes but under certain circumstances will conceivably produce more explosive results than a personal ad. In the event that the month's choice turns out to be the work of one of the glamorous ladies now crowding the literary calendar the authoress herself may be persuaded to come along as reader. Would you like a Winsor tie, a Hobson's choice, or succulent package of Lehmann drops in your home? Subscribe to the BCBC! . . .

SPEAKING OF personal ads, Bob de Roos uncovered a pip in the *Los Angeles Mirror*. It read, "Man who leans backward wishes to meet lady who leans forward. Object: One Enslanted Evening. Box Y-85 *Mir.* . . ." One type of "personal" you are not likely to see in the newspapers again for quite a spell—if ever—is the oft-repeated insertion beginning, "My wife having left my bed and board . . ." For years the wives who were the victims of this form of public castigation didn't strike back but finally one with gumption—and a smart lawyer—slapped substantial libel suits on every paper that printed her husband's piece of copy. The suit is regarded as an important test case, and several publishers have pooled resources to fight it in court. Until the day when a final decision is announced—and what with appeals and customary delays that may be many, many months from now—most papers will probably play it safe. . . . A Swedish gentleman is said to have evaded the boycott by an adroit bit of rephrasing. *His* ad began, "My wife having left my bed and smörgasbord. . . ." . . .

THE AMERICAN Booksellers' Association has just concluded its fiftieth annual convention at the Hotel Astor in New York, electing Allan McMahon of Fort Wayne to succeed the ebullient Bob Campbell of Los Angeles as its president. For the event Mildred Smith of *PW* dug up photographs of preceding conclaves, most interesting of which was taken in 1902, when Harper's invited visiting book men to meet five of its current best-selling authors. Their names were Mark Twain, Hamlin Garland, John Kendrick Bangs, William Dean Howells, and Robert W. Chambers. This is what is known as an all-star word-pitching staff. It even boasted a southpaw to confound right-handed critics: Mr. Chambers served up a dazzling variety of autographs from the port side. . . . Guest artists for the golden anniversary get-together of the ABA included Emily Kimbrough, whose "Innocents in Indiana" will be a highlight of the Harper fall list; Henry Morgan, who remembers occasionally that he owes a book to Doubleday, and Sig Spaeth and the St. Mary's Horseshoers—a slick barbershop quartette who had the booksellers singing "Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage" approximately in unison with them. . . . The booksellers now have a slogan which they hope to make popular all over the country: "Meet me at the bookstore." It was suggested by Tom Denny of *The New York Times*, who noticed that florists increased *their* business with a slogan and also vaguely remembered Siegel Cooper's famous old "Meet me at the fountain." Tom says at least two million men are kept waiting every day by women who are late for appointments. Why shouldn't they do that waiting in bookstores—where they can improve each pining moment by browsing—and, perchance, buying? Makes sense, doesn't it? . . .

MELVILLE CANE, the well-known attorney and expert on copyright law, has lost his one-man campaign to persuade Putnam's to publish the Duke of Windsor's memoirs under the title of "The Kingsey Report." . . . Mr. Cane's disappointment may be assuaged by the knowledge that a famous gynecologist is planning to name *his* forthcoming volume for new fathers, "Mister, Haven't You Begotten Something?" . . . The author is said to be the same doctor who told a new patient, "Mrs. Brown, I have good news for you." The patient answered. "It's not Mrs. Brown; it's *Miss* Brown." "Indeed?" murmured the doctor. "Miss Brown, I have bad news for you." . . . Allan Ullman, co-author with Lucille Fletcher of the forthcoming suspense story "Night Man" (the same pair collaborated on the memorable "Sorry, Wrong Number"), informs his publishers that he has graduated *cum effort* from P. S. 166 and that he does



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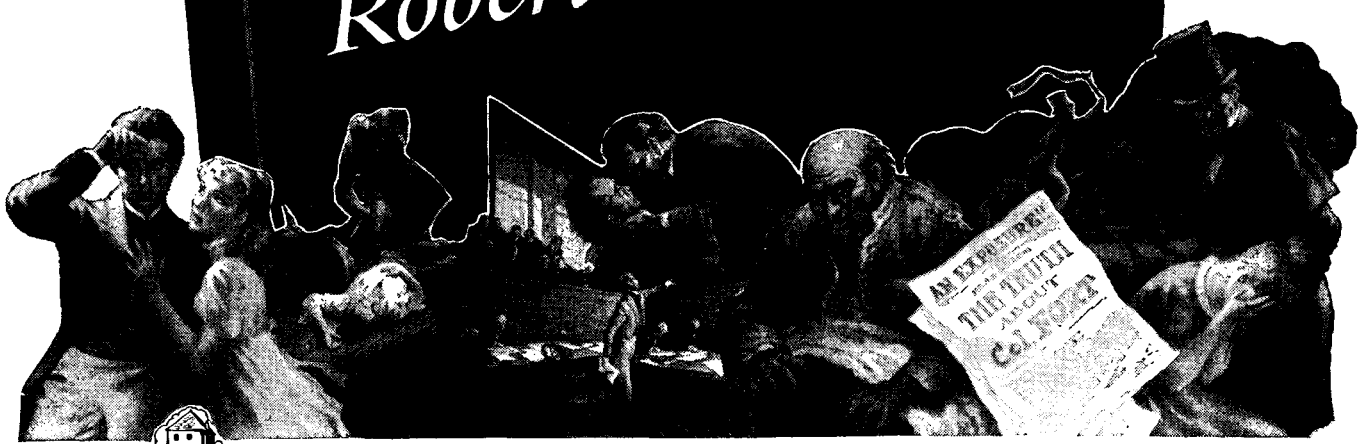

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not intend to allow his new literary eminence to interfere with his determination to become a chauffeur. New York traffic authorities who have seen him at the wheel regard this as the worst setback they have suffered in a decade. . . .

SARAH BALL, rereading "The Education of Henry Adams," came across a passage concerning the Secretary of State that is certainly as pertinent in 1950 as it was when Mr. Adams set it down forty-five years ago:

> The Secretary of State has always stood as much alone as the historian. Required to look far ahead and round him, he measures forces unknown to party managers, and has found Congress more or less hostile ever since Congress first sat. The Secretary of State exists only to recognize the existence of a world which Congress repudiates whenever it can; of bargains which Congress distrusts and tries to turn to its advantage or to reject. Since the first day the Senate existed, it has always intrigued against the Secretary of State whenever the Secretary has been obliged to extend his functions beyond the appointment of Consols in Senators' service.

An editor of *Harper's* magazine remembered a paragraph in Jonathan Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" (written in 1726) that is even more relevant to present-day headlines:

> There are some laws and customs in this empire [Lilliput] very peculiar; and, if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but, if the person accused maketh his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and, out of his goods or lands, the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he hath been at in making his defense. Or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor does also confer on him some public mark of his favor, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city. . . .

AND WERE YOU fortunate enough to see Alan Dunn's cartoon in a recent issue of *The New Yorker* magazine that showed a publisher and editor with their heads together and the editor exulting, "It can't miss, J. G.! The author got disillusioned with Communism, escaped from behind the Iron Curtain, came to the United States, lived on a sharecropper's farm in Georgia, spent a year in a state insane asylum, turned to religion, and now is a monk." If I had anything to do with nominations for the Pulitzer Prizes (ho, ho!) the contest for the best cartoon of the year would be declared hereby closed and the award given to Mr. Dunn by acclaim.

—Bennett Cerf.

Lost Explorer

By Edmund Pennant

THE infusorial earthmounds of the Upper Amazon
Waylaid his most earnest dreams and captured them,
Whispering auras of momentous meaning
In a relic of genesis hidden in the jungle.

The eye of God scans a generation and falters,
Finding here and there recruits for the cast of His intentions;
Scorning the tipsy fears of the callow and the diffident
Who dare to ignore a visitation, or deny it.

Then in small men an endowment of courage
Seizes the one great Demand of a lifetime
To fling off the familiar hobbles of humility
And solo on wings made of maps and desire.

The plane gnarls the air, leaving a backwash of silence
That settles on the earthbound, a pall of self-pity;
For they feel the eyes of the wing-borne on their nakedness,
On the dribbling termite-steps of their retreating.

He is gone—many years. Those who watched him depart
Ask warmly of each other, with unashamed triumph:
Still no word from the Amazon? Have the ants left no clue-fall?
No talisman, tongue-sinew, signet-ring? Nothing?

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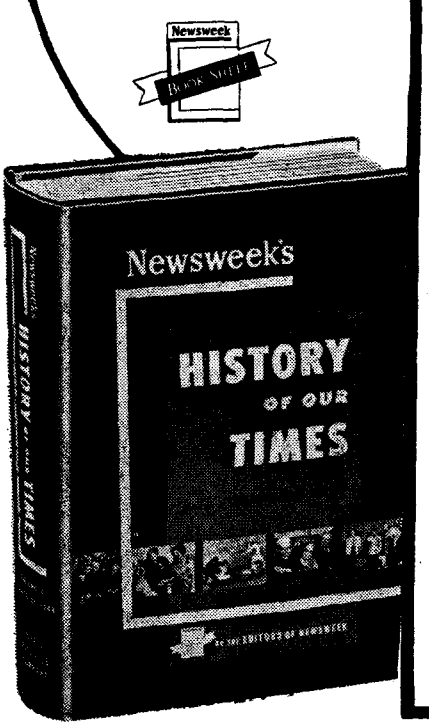
- ☐ What 1949 novel was considered most representative of present American intellectual temper?
- ☐ What popular hit song of 1949 was written by two British spinsters?



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The Saturday Review of Literature

Can Newspapers Survive Without Sex?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When* The New York Sun *died last January 4, to be merged with* The New York World-Telegram, *it marked the passing of New York's fourth major daily in two decades. Ten months ago serious financial difficulty developed on* The New York Post, *and it appeared for a time that the ranks of the metropolitan newspapers would be thinned further still. James A. Wechsler, thirty-four-year-old Washington correspondent of* The Post, *was brought in as editor. Since that time* The Post *has made one of the most remarkable comebacks, with respect to circulation and advertising, in the history of modern American journalism. Sensational sex stories have been credited with a substantial part of* The Post's *recovery. This has led to considerable discussion in American newspaper circles about the relative importance of such sensationalism as against straight news coverage and editorial-page policy. In the following debate Mr. Wechsler defends his policy against the position taken by August Heckscher, editorial writer for the* New York Herald Tribune.

I. The Techniques of Showmanship

JAMES A. WECHSLER

Editor, The New York Post

James A. Wechsler

THE OTHER day I got a letter-to-the-editor which read: "Although I agree with almost everything *The Post* stands for and I think it is terribly important that a liberal newspaper succeed in New York, I must tell you that I am distressed by some of the features your paper has carried in recent months. The recent series on Ingrid Bergman, for example, seem designed to get the kind of circulation that *The Daily News* attracts. . . ."

My impulse is to reply by saying that the accusation is entirely just. I do not believe the Lord in His infinite wisdom placed a ceiling on the circulation of *The Post* or that he regards readers of *The Daily News* as less worthy human beings than others. To put it another way, I do not believe that He would have let *The Sun* die if He had felt the readers of *The Sun* were the chosen people. I do not mean to be irreverent or facetious in discussing a serious problem; I confess some amazement, however, that most of the lamentation over the fate of *The Post* since Dorothy Schiff, Paul Sann, and I took over its direction last year seems to come from very earnest liberals who agree with most of the things we say on the editorial page, who applaud each of our crusades, wish us a long life, but are horrified by what they call the "sensationalism" which has given us a real chance for survival.

One of the axioms of liberal journalism in the last couple of decades seems to be that there is a direct correlation between high circulation and spiritual corruption. There seems to be a general suspicion that the liberal weeklies would probably cease to be liberal if they got too many readers. There is a curious paradox in the discussion for liberal journals are most fond of picturing themselves as spokesmen and champions of The People. They depict most mass-circulation newspapers and magazines as organs of "vested interests" and, by and large, I sympathize with the charge. Yet the unexplained paradox is that The People have persistently crowded the newsstands to buy the journals which are against them and left the liberal publications to a select, self-righteous audience. I do not believe that this is really as puzzling as it sounds.

Within the last decade two newspapers have died in New York City. One was *The Sun* and the other was *PM* (later called *The Star*). Editorially, they had almost nothing in common. *The Sun* was as reactionary a newspaper as any published in America. *PM*, if unpredictable and intermittently plagued by Stalinist direction, proclaimed itself the embodiment of all the liberal virtues. If I may say so, I would guess the basic cause of death in both cases was not a product of editorial policy; it was a product of dulness. In the long run both were so preoccupied with their messages that both succeeded in boring thousands of people. They seemed to be published chiefly to articulate the passions and prejudices of their editors rather than to entertain or enlighten their readers.

HAVING served my time on both *The Nation* and *PM*, I must state the categorical opinion that a newspaper which professes to be a spokesman of The People must display some real capacity for interesting them; that it cannot depend for survival on the tenacious doctrinaire support of those who agree with its editorial policy (any more than *The Sun* could ultimately endure simply because it had the devotion of the people who hated Roosevelt most). It ought to be neither self-conscious nor apologetic when it applies techniques of showmanship aimed to bring a heterogeneous crowd into the tent. There is little *The Post* has done in the past ten months that has not been done by most liberal and radical newspapers in Europe which have been able to build mass circulations. To cover a lot of ground swiftly, I think New York City has effectively demonstrated that the fact of being liberal is no guarantee of

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success for any newspaper; I hope *The Post* will prove, however, that the fact of being liberal can be an asset rather than a liability for a newspaper that is livelier (and occasionally lustier) than its competitors.

Let me say emphatically that I am not contending that the present *Post* formula is the only defensible one for a newspaper (or that the small-circulation liberal magazine performs no function). If there were no *Times* nor *Herald Tribune* in New York somebody would have to invent them. For approximately 900,000 people a day want a detailed, relatively complete morning newspaper which earnestly tries to cover the world. I might deliver several lectures on how both of them might perform that function more effectively; every newspaper reader believes that he can edit the newspaper he reads more effectively than the editor and every editor is sure he can improve somebody else's newspaper. But I will not press the point. For even if *The Times* or *Herald Tribune* recklessly adopted all my secret recommendations, I suspect they would still be operating in roughly the same circulation area in which they now find themselves. The experiment has been going on for a long time and the results seem fairly conclusive.

In any case, the fact that there is both a *Times* and a *Herald Tribune* necessarily influences one's judgment about what *The Post* ought to be. If neither of them existed it might be both the wise and responsible thing to fill the vacuum. But they do exist.

Meanwhile, *The Daily News*, a morning tabloid, has a circulation of more than 2,000,000 each day and *The Mirror* has a circulation of 1,000,000. The arithmetic of the morning field indicates that approximately three out of four New Yorkers prefer a tabloid to a "complete" newspaper, just as, ironically, nearly three out of four New Yorkers preferred Roosevelt to any Republican who ran against him. Thus, in the stronghold of American liberalism, a Patterson and a Hearst newspaper run away each day from the soft-spoken *Times* and the moderate-Republican *Herald Tribune*. The statistics in the afternoon field are no less revealing. There the

(*Continued on page 37*)

II. A False Formula

AUGUST HECKSCHER

Editorial Writer, *New York Herald Tribune*

Paul Cordes.

August Heckscher

NEW YORK City needs all the newspapers it has. It seems incredible indeed that a city of such diverse views and interests, such bounding and irrepressible vitality, should sustain but eight papers of general circulation. To wish a long life for Mr. Hearst's *Journal-American* might seem excessive. Yet Churchill is quoted in the latest instalment of his war memoirs as having remarked that if Hitler had invaded hell, he, Mr. Churchill, would have made "at least a favorable reference to the devil in the House of Commons." In the same spirit, if even *The Journal-American* were to go down some sigh of regret might be expressed in those quarters where the welfare of American journalism is a genuine concern.

The virtues of *The New York Post*, however, are not confined to the mere fact that it exists. It happens, also, to have all the makings of a good newspaper. After a confusing period during which two editors pulled in opposite directions the editorial page has settled down under Mr. Wechsler to speak forcefully and consistently for a point of view that is too seldom reflected in our press. This might be called liberalism—except that *The Post* is too hard-hitting quite to fit the classification; it might be called the view of the non-Communist Left—except that *The Post* is refreshingly undoctrinaire and as informal as a small-town daily. The emphasis on columnists and features which Mr. Wechsler inherited has been maintained, with Max Lerner being called to write (at least as well as he ever has before) on things in general; with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., being persuaded (did he need much persuasion?) to add weekly columning to his many chores, and people like Joseph Lash and Robert Bendiner being given space which they fill to advantage. These are added to old standbys like Leonard Lyons, Sylvia Porter, Earl Wilson, and the whole is embellished with a concise, if somewhat cavalier, coverage of the news.

But that, unfortunately, is not all. It is also embellished, saturated, and wrapped up in what, for want of a longer word, must be called sex. When news of the day lends itself to being exploited from this angle, *The Post* is in its element. When news of this kind needs to be beckoned, nudged into being, or just plain dug up, *The Post* is ready. But beyond these intermittent developments there has been a steady stream of feature articles on girls — of the wayward, delinquent, dance-hall, and KO varieties; there have been books skilfully condensed so as to put the spotlight on the bedroom and the parked car, and there has been a constant hospitality to pictures of Hollywood starlets and would-be starlets which must warm the more or less exposed hearts of those females.

THIS emphasis on sex many friends of *The Post* find disconcerting. It must be presumed that these friends are not actually averse to sex itself, that they do not lack a sympathy for outcasts or unfortunates, and that they are not unwilling to pursue any social problem to its roots. If they object it is on the practical grounds that they do not like being compelled to leave their favorite evening newspaper on the train, or otherwise to dispose of it, before entering homes where growing children are entitled to be protected against at least the most brutal and the most sordid facts of life. They object, on moral grounds, to having their sex dished up as bait. The only thing worse than an obviously bad paper is a paper, like *The Post*, which is obviously good and makes ugly sounds as a matter of deliberate policy and choice.

The answer to these objections, as I understand it, is that sex makes a paper pay. A liberal newspaper, the argument runs, cannot sustain itself on its own liberalism. The mass audience which advertisers require must be recruited by another appeal. The most obvious, the cheapest to culti-

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vate, and the one least inherently antithetical to the paper's primary cause is claimed to be such an emphasis as we find in today's *Post*.

Now it has always been a charming occupation to tell an editor how to run his affairs, as the letter column of any newspaper attests. I do not intend to deny myself that pleasure entirely. Yet it must be acknowledged that the game of tell-the-editor has lost some of its allure amid the overwhelming and almost insoluble problems of the modern newspaper. For any except the most solidly established, as Max Ascoli has argued in a recent issue of *The Reporter*, merely to continue becomes a victory. "The advertisers," he says, "strengthen the papers that are already strong, while the labor unions weaken those that are already weak." Nevertheless there are grounds, which I propose to state, for believing that the arguments I have summarized above are not the whole answer and that they may, in fact, make success for a newspaper in the long run impossible.

It is true that a newspaper cannot exist on the strength of its liberalism alone. But then neither can one exist, as *The Sun* proved, on the strength of its conservatism. Indeed it can be argued that neither the liberalism nor the conservatism of a paper's editorial views crucially affects its popular standing. *The New York Daily News* has maintained its steady, undeviating upward climb while its political views have veered from the most ardent support of the New Deal to the most violent and rabid opposition. This change and all the subtle variations between might be attributed to a sensitive response to a shifting popular mood. The more likely explanation is that the people have read *The News* in increasing numbers because they have found it to be, as indeed it has been at its best, a lively and interesting newspaper. If its circulation has now leveled off it is not because the man in the street has become sated with obscurantism but because the genius of Patterson's journalistic touch could not be indefinitely prolonged and probably cannot be duplicated.

If liberalism is not enough can a strong seasoning of sex suffice? *The Post* apparently believes so. The response to lurid features and sensational handling of news has reportedly taken it out of the red; it has certainly stilled rumors of its demise. Yet there are limits to how far the harping on sex can be carried. When Mr. Wechsler finishes with his wayward, delinquent, dance hall, and KO girls there are still a number of imaginable types remaining; when the novels of O'Hara have all been reduced to their spicier passages, there will exist other books susceptible to this treatment. But an end must sometime come. And even if the material were not subject to exhaustion the sensibilities of the readers would be.

THE late *Graphic*, edited by Bernarr MacFadden, stands as the classic example of the limits beyond which a preoccupation with sex cannot be carried. The law of diminishing returns applies here as elsewhere and as it begins to operate a feeling not only of boredom but of distaste and revulsion becomes dominant.

The formula of sex plus liberalism must rest basically on the assumption that the two parts, the two emphases, of the paper can be kept separate. The former is assumed to support financially, but not necessarily to corrupt or obscure, the latter. The idea seems comparable to that prevailing in some university circles to the effect that the academic pursuits of the college can be sustained by money brought in through the commercialization of athletics. Whatever may be the results in the academic field of this approach (and I am inclined to doubt that it will be successful in the long run) there is every reason for believing that it will not work with a newspaper.

A newspaper has, as its most valuable asset, a character and a style. These it compromises or distorts at its peril. Mr. Wechsler may have persuaded himself that his liberal and enlightened readers will look indulgently upon his more sensational excursions and, indeed, they may try to, in so far as they understand the liberal editor's dilemma. But there is a limit to such indulgence. The pleasure of reading a really good editorial is not to be minimized in a day when too many newspapers dodge and mumble. Mass circulation is not to be discounted as a lure for the advertiser. But both the reader and the advertiser draw back in the end from associating themselves or their product with a paper that caters to puerile curiosity and cheap desire.

Even if it were theoretically de-

(*Continued on page 40*)

Commencement Address

(To Aaron Kramer on my sixty-sixth birthday)

By Alfred Kreymborg

I FEEL an affinity with youth today,
Today and tomorrow, or since the time
Egotism and beautiful privacy
Languished with a romantic generation.
Left behind, I'm a man who goes to school
With all I am in the young or they in me:
Their age, their problems, labors, tragedies.
Their swift or slowly emergent victories
Are also mine, older though I may be,
Born in the dusk of a former century.
Whether they know it or not we're one circle
Faithful to every spot of human earth
That changes for the better, and one again
As horizons unveil united men
Marching straight ahead for the first time
Into a golden day, a golden night.

Under that light my hour of graduation
Will stand behind tall flowers in consecration
Of years to come. And feel in memory
A schoolroom where one had to sit in the rear,
Dolefully forced to see and hear some shaver
Answer a question our teacher aimed at me.
I felt like a perfect dunce although I knew
My tongue would have flown out had I had time
To find the selfsame word—my wits were slow.
Yet, as our heavens glow, I'm a constant shade
Who belongs to a joyous green: My boys were fed
On what my heart once gave them behind the scene.
Now they have led my life to where love grows
Beyond the fallen leaves of a June rose,
I'm absolutely certain true youth will be
Both theirs and mine henceforth in harmony.

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Fiction.

In three novels, including a Pulitzer Prize winner, Robert Penn Warren has become one of the soundest and most entertaining of our novelists. His latest, "World Enough and Time," is the fictional account of a romantic tragedy in Kentucky in the early 1820's. Among the other books reviewed below we can recommend Geoffrey Household's "The High Place" as a masterpiece of Levantine intrigue. Another wartime tale is "The Wine of Etna," by Alexander Baron, an excellent story of a peaceful and amorous interlude during the British invasion of Sicily. Eleanor Cameron's "The Unheard Music" is a gentle and charming story of a lovely librarian in California who suddenly has to come to terms with life. A more emotional and involved account of feminine psychology can be found in "The Shadow of the Bridge" by Betsey Barton, about a girls' school which shelters a young arsonist who feels rejected.

Virtue Plundered in Kentucky

WORLD ENOUGH AND TIME. By Robert Penn Warren. New York: Random House. 512 *pp.* $3.50.

By A. B. Guthrie, Jr.

ROBERT PENN WARREN has written a book that is sure to arouse attention, make the best-seller lists, and excite disagreements.

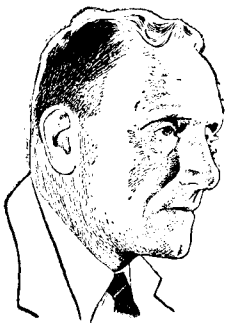
For the stuff of what is presented as "a romantic novel" he has gone to an old and celebrated Kentucky case—the Sharp-Beauchamp case—which writers have turned to before and probably will again, since high tragedy and ludicrous comedy, honorable intention and tortured conclusion, honesty, duplicity, resolution, despair, antique compulsions here are so scrambled as to provoke the imagination and invite constructions.

The facts in so far as we can be sure of them are that in Kentucky in the early years of the last century a young man murdered his benefactor to avenge the betrayal of a young woman who later became his wife. At the time of the seduction she was unknown to him. She was only Virtue Plundered and simply as idea appealed to his overblown sense of honor and justice. According to the long account that the young man wrote while a prisoner, a challenge to a duel had brought from the benefactor only a remorseful admission of guilt and a declared readiness to die but not as the foe of his friend on the field of honor. The offense against virtue might have been forgotten thereafter except that the scandal was aired, with an accurate calculation of results, in a subsequent political campaign. Thus baited, the young man took his vengeance and forfeited his life on the gallows.

It is largely from his account that Mr. Warren appears to have reconstructed the case. He has done some violence to the factual record, however, with the consequence that comparisons are sure to be made, though the departures from actuality seem to me of no great importance. More if not most important are the accuracy of characterization, the capture of motive, the pitch and tone of re-creation. Some special students of the subject, like J. Winston Coleman of Lexington, Ky., author of a nonfiction treatment, would dispute a number of Mr. Warren's interpretations.

Even these are not the foremost questions. The foremost question is the question of a novel as a novel. Is it persuasive? Does it create and maintain illusion? Here I find myself forced to hedge. I believe a work of fiction can be a distinguished book and an undistinguished or even bad novel, by professional standards anyhow. We know, or think we know, the techniques of illusion these days. We say, correctly, I think, that an author must keep himself off the page. He must lose us in the experiences of his characters. What he has to say as an individual in and against the world must be implicit in the story itself. Every time he enters the scene it is at the cost of belief in his story.

Mr. Warren, as a teacher and a craftsman, of course is entirely familiar with this method. Yet in this book he has chosen to disregard it. He keeps reminding us that at this distance from the scene we cannot be sure of this point or that one. And by reminding us he keeps pulling us a century and more away from his story; he tells us this is about something over and done with, this is only an attempt at a re-creation; he gives his novel something of the odor of biography. And that isn't all. He edi-



THE AUTHOR: "A place to put a typewriter, a lot of cigarettes, something to lie down on (grass will do)—to pretend you are thinking—and no sound of the human voice." Then red-haired, green-eyed Robert Penn Warren can write, especially if there's "some prospect of pleasure at the day's end, like carrots held out in front of a donkey." Italy and Sicily two years ago provided all these compositional comforts for "World Enough and Time," save, perhaps, sufficient mutes; at least nobody spoke English—a factor that "tends to drive you inward on your story and your language." The seduction-murder tale suggested itself in '44 when Katherine Anne Porter showed Warren, then consultant in poetry at the Library of Congress, a pamphlet she'd unearthed published in Bloomfield, Ky., in 1826, "The Confession of Jereboam O. Beauchamp": "a strange story, even stranger in the 'Confession' than in the garbled folk version." Leafing through history, "I began," he says, "to think of the political struggle of the time as a kind of mirror I could hold up to the personal story." Not such a departure, then, from "All the King's Men," diademed with 1947 Southern and Pulitzer prizes and subsequent Oscars. The Kentucky author's initiate writing was poetry, for which he has been thrice decorated. But he didn't get seriously interested in fiction until 1929, when, back from Oxford, he was asked by Paul Rosenfeld to write a novelette for "American Caravan." A decade later "Night Rider" was released, followed by "At Heaven's Gate," AKM, and the story collection "Circus in the Attic." Vocationally an English professor at the University of Minnesota, he has, besides, published the study "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and four critical collaborations. On calendar are the plays "Proud Flesh," "All the King's Men," and, with film producer-director Robert Rossen, an untitled drama; *accouchement*, a long narrative poem—still "a special satisfaction" to Mr. Warren. —R. G.

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torializes. At the end he adds a page and a half of critical comment about present-day Kentucky. The comment is pointed and good and perhaps is an aid to focus, but it is still difficult to see that it belongs in a story of the early nineteenth century.

The consequence of his approach is that his book lacks immediacy. We see his characters dusty across the long field of time. We aren't caught up and concerned as we were, for example, in "All the King's Men." We are willing to believe that these things happened but we don't feel that they happened to us or anyone we know.

Mr. Warren's choice of method leaves one wondering. Did he think, as he must have, that in this way and only in this way he could retell the ancient story? Did he think we needed the open contrast with today, the open comment, the naked author? Why?

The rewards of "World Enough and Time"—and they are genuine—lie elsewhere than in illusion. Mr. Warren, a native of Kentucky, knows Kentucky, contemporary and historical. He can speak the strong idiom of the frontier. He knows what kind of men peopled the state and what kind of problems they met with what kind of solutions. When he wants to he can set his reader in time, place, situation. In his lines one recognizes his rightness and his talent.

If his is not a distinguished novel, it is a distinguished book, an arresting and provocative book, a wise book, a masculine book, a book of immense and mature disillusion. A keen and stout mind is at work here, telling us things we haven't known till now, telling us things we've known but haven't dared to believe. This is more a philosophical than a romantic work. It has an impact that won't quickly be forgotten.

The Rockies

By Dorothy Alyea

THERE comes a freedom to the heart
like apricot upon the sky
when south winds climb the snowy fort
and wild geese fly.

A quickening of sap or blood
as treetops stretch in feathered haste,
surprised to feel the armored cold
yielding at last.

The roe, the doe, have brought the fawn
tiptoe into this frosty air,
knowing the avalanche is gone,
the meadow bare.

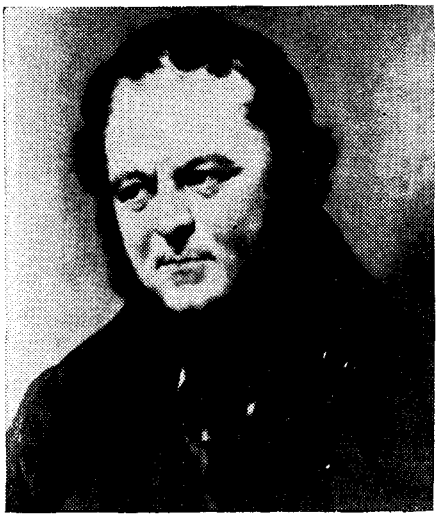
Lucien Leuwen & the Ultras of Nancy

THE GREEN HUNTSMAN. By Stendhal. Translated by Louise Varèse. New York: New Directions. 388 *pp.* $3.50.

By Ben Ray Redman

HENRI BEYLE, who lives by virtue of the writings signed Stendhal, has been well treated by the posterity to which he avowedly addressed himself. Undervalued during his lifetime, he has almost certainly been overestimated during the past half-century, at least by the members of a devoted cult who have fixed their eyes so intently on his work that they have been incapable of measuring it comparatively, and justly, with that of other novelists. Stendhal's gifts were remarkable and peculiar to himself, but to rank him among the world's greatest fiction writers is an act of adoration rather than one of critical judgment. His books are full of good things and they are things that he alone has given us. His ironic accent is unique: nowhere else do we find precisely the same union of brevity, dryness, and acuity. He was a tireless analyst of character, his own above all—for it was from introspection rather than observation that he took the elements of which his heroes were compounded. At the same time he was a keen student of society and a connoisseur of human absurdity, as is amply proved by the book before us. And yet, and yet—those of us who are not Beylistes must always end with reservations.

Considerable as his gifts were, he was lacking in too much to stand securely on the level to which many of his admirers would raise him. He was not a born novelist but one who chose to put what he had to say—and it was worth hearing—into the novel form. Hopelessly torn between romanticism and realism, between republicanism and a wish that he had been born under the old regime, he found it difficult if not impossible to present a coherent picture of life. Sentiment in his fiction was forever at war with satirical comedy and farce. He found it much easier to talk about his characters than to let them march on their own legs, although when he gave them such permission they often behaved themselves admirably. He suffered from an irresistible desire to make his heroes ridiculous and abundantly satisfied this desire by drawing on his stores of self-knowledge. Other novelists, some of them great, have made it a habit to come between their creatures and their readers but Stendhal often did this in a way that rent the veil of illusion; too often he spoke with the voice of a puppet-master shrewdly describing his marionettes. And, remarkably enough, swept though he was himself by emotional storms, he almost never succeeded in transmitting emotion to his readers, almost never managed to involve them sympathetically in the fictitious experiences which he related.



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Stendhal—unique ironic accent.

His reputation rests, of course, on his two long, completed novels, "The Red and the Black" and "The Charterhouse of Parma," but his virtues and failings are both conspicuously present in "The Green Huntsman," a true Stendhalian brew. This is a translation of "Le Chasseur Vert," the unrevised first part of an unfinished novel generally known as "Lucien Leuwen." The fragment was first published, I believe, in 1855, not 1885 as stated by Miss Varèse; the second portion was unearthed in 1894, and the third volume will never be printed because it was never written, save for notes which indicate the course it would have taken. "The Green Huntsman" is described as "a complete novel in itself," which is somewhat misleading as it was Stendhal's intention to trace the formation of a young man's character, whereas this volume ends with Lucien's character-building just begun. However, the second portion of his story will be published within the year and when it is readers will be able to follow Lucien's political, financial, and amorous education at least as far as his creator did.

"The Green Huntsman" carries Lucien through his first experiences of the world and his discovery of love. Paris-born and Paris-bred, the son of a rich, cynical, and witty banker and a doting mother, Lucien obtains a commission in a lancer regiment and

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accompanies it to Nancy, where—a few years after the revolution of 1830, which brought to power Louis-Philippe with his middle-of-the-road policy—he finds himself in a stronghold of the Lorraine nobility. Violent legitimists, or *ultras*, some of these provincial gentlemen and ladies believe they are living under the reign of Henry V, while others refuse to accept the abdication of Charles X; and all suffer from the delusion that their names are known in Paris. Lucien's political convictions are supposedly republican but, having fallen in love with a face at a window, he determines to penetrate the closed circle of Nancy's aristocracy—so contemptuous of Louis-Philippe's officers—and he succeeds. He does not succeed as well, however, with the beloved Madame de Chasteller, his courtship being a series of fateful, often ludicrous missteps and lost opportunities. Stendhal explains this by pointing to his hero's youth, ingenuousness, and inexperience.

Nor is the beautiful young widow any help to Lucien, for she is not only virtuous but also innocent. "She was even without the knowledge acquired from books. All novels had been represented to her at the Sacred Heart as obscene. Nor, since her marriage, had she read any novels, for a lady admitted to the conversation of royal princesses should know nothing of literature."

The love affair of Lucien and Bathilde is a romantic business full of blushes, swooning, and fever, in which eloquence alternates with speechlessness, and sincerity with hypocrisy, and it is terminated by a farcical stratagem that can be taken seriously only by the author's blindest idolaters. But the picture of the society in which this farce-tragedy is played out is a fine example of Stendhal's satiric art; his ironic portrait-painter's eye never found better subjects than the *ultras* of Nancy—a city that he may not even have visited, but in which he claims to have spent two hours. And Lucien, for all his nonsense, is an engaging fellow. Indeed, beyond doubt there is much entertainment to be found in "The Green Huntsman"; but to describe as a masterpiece the unfinished, unrevised novel of which this volume forms a part is not, to my mind, judicious.

Miss Varèse, in addition to making a readable translation, has provided readers of "The Green Huntsman" with a useful introduction and some helpful historical notes, corrected a few of the inconsistencies in Stendhal's unrevised text, and furnished an appendix with supplementary pages from the author's confused manuscript.

Infantry Interlude in Sicily

THE WINE OF ETNA. By Alexander Baron. New York: Ives Washburn. 255 pp. $2.75.

By Arthur C. Fields

THIS book, originally published in England under the title "There's No Home," is the second novel by Alexander Baron to deal with the war. The first was the excellent "From the City, From the Plough," which told of the annihilation of an Infantry Battalion in the Normandy invasion. "The Wine of Etna" deals with another phase of the war: the pause between battles, "one of those brief interludes in war when the almost-forgotten rhythms of normal living are permitted to emerge again; and when it seeps back into the consciousness of human beings—painfully, sometimes heartbreakingly—that they are, after all, human."

On the fifth of August 1943 a dusty, tired company of English infantry marched into the town of Catania, Sicily. The Germans were retreating before the English advance; in the distance the rumble of artillery still could be heard. At the Via del Martiri (Street of the Martyrs) they stopped, there to remain all through August. "The Wine of Etna" is the story of that rest period. Seizing one of those moments which occur all too infrequently in war, a moment of pause, a moment which can be examined apart from the tumult and confusion of battle, Mr. Baron describes the effect those few weeks had on the English soldiers and the Italians they grew to know and live with.

At first the soldiers were hesitant about mixing into the life of the town. Regimented from within as well as without, they had hardened themselves against the simplicities of civilian living; it held a set of values entirely different from those to which they were accustomed; it emphasized human qualities and yearnings they had bitterly forced themselves to forget. But slowly their resistance weakened. Here in this hot Sicilian town flourished the simple pleasures they desired not as soldiers but as men. And as more and more soldiers' wash appeared in the windows of Sicilian homes the issue was decided.

Alexander Baron—"two elements touch for a brief moment."

Graziella's husband was listed as missing in action; she lived alone with her child. She had never been unfaithful but her baby was not growing properly because she could not get enough food. So when Sergeant Craddock, himself married and the father of a year-old girl, presented himself at Graziella's door loaded down with chocolate and milk and other life-giving necessities, Graziella's first thought was of her child. But as the relationship progressed she soon knew that it was more than merely a case of paying the grocer. She needed Craddock as much as her baby needed the food; she began to flourish, she grew strong, she, too, found herself coming back to life. And she knew that the soldiers would leave.

This conflict between the desires of human beings and the implacable course of outside events is told in the even, unemotional prose characteristic of Mr. Baron's writing. As in "From the City, From the Plough," he is more interested in creating the overall picture than he is in particularizing about his subject. There is no plot to speak of: two elements in life touch for a brief moment, rub, make contact, and are off again. All is said in an undertone yet, where in his combat novel it was precisely this undertone which heightened the impact, here in his novel of repose the undertone robs the story of some of its effect.

In combat there is tautness at all times, tensing even the most casual remarks, dramatizing the pastoral scenes through contrast with the holocaust outside. But in Catania the pressure is gone if not forgotten. The perspective of everyday living is restored. And in everyday living events and people assume the focal point of interest. Mr. Baron devotes a larger proportion of space to Craddock and Graziella than he does to his other characters, yet neither emerges as much more than an outlined sketch.

"The Wine of Etna" is a quiet novel which achieves a delicate balance in its own way.

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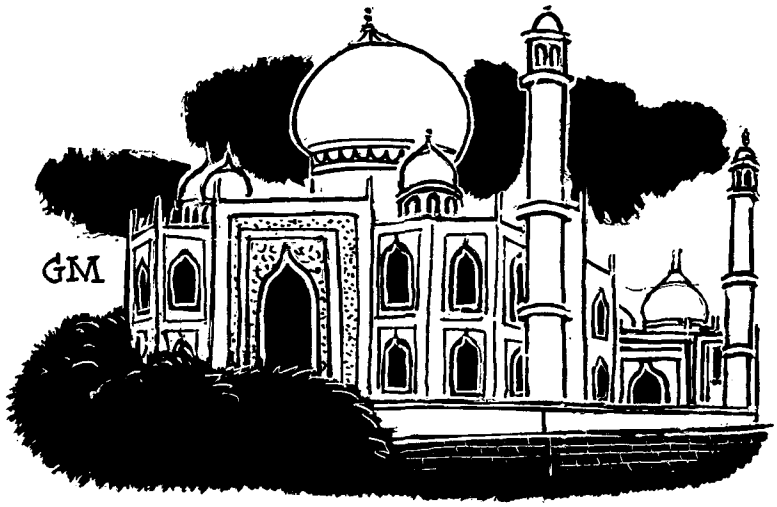

Intrigue & the Levantine Runaround

THE HIGH PLACE. By Geoffrey Household. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 245 pp. $3.

By PAT FRANK

IN 1944 I visited Damascus for the shooting season. The Arabs, under Nazi influence, were potting at the French with rifles, and the French were shooting back with mortars and machine guns. It was the most frustrating battle I ever covered, because nothing I wrote ever reached New York or London. Three censorships—British, French, and Syrian-Lebanese—were in operation, and I could never discover which one was murdering my dispatches. Now I think I have found the culprit. I suspect Geoffrey Household, the urbane novelist who was acting as British political officer in the region at that time. He was a pal of all newspaper correspondents but his new and fascinating novel, "The High Place," betrays him.

"The High Place" is a masterpiece of intrigue and the Levantine runaround. It is to E. Phillips Oppenheim as the jet fighter is to the Stutz Bearcat. Furthermore, even in its most fantastic passages it has the ring of authenticity. The cold-blooded deception, espionage, and political planning practised by Household's characters could not spring full blown from imagination. Such tactics are learned—in schools, incidentally—and one should not write about them until they have been used in the testing ground of political warfare, the Middle East.

Household plants a colony of civilized European and American anarchists in the isolated Syrian hamlet of Kasr-el-Sittat, which once had been a monastery and before that a ruined shrine. This hamlet is linked by wireless to the world's capitals, and is itself a capital. Its masters and a slim and exotic mistress (with the *double entendre* intended) are all idealists and charming people. The only trouble with them is that they cannot practise their ideals until they have started another war and destroyed the present world.

This is a first-person novel but Household, an expert technician (or how could he have concealed his influence over the French and Syrian censors?), manages to give it three dimensions. One is gradually informed of thoughts and motives of the most obscure characters and they all fit together to make good psychological and fictional sense.

What interests me most about "The High Place" is Household's sudden and violent hatred of statism and bureaucracy—particularly British statism—that he expresses early in the book. Household himself was for some years a bureaucrat, although in a rarefied realm. The bureaucrat—German, Russian, French, British, or American—lives in a tight, secretive world. When a man like Household, who through patriotism and training was forced to become a bureaucrat in wartime, when such a man exposes bureaucracy, then all bureaucrats everywhere must tremble and hide their silly faces behind their roll-top desks.

As anyone who has read "Rogue Male" knows, Household writes beautifully, and his occasional satire is like a controlled whip lash. He upholds the great tradition of British political writing. "The High Place" is not "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" nor "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." But it takes its place in its own niche, which was waiting for it.

Piksnak to Chaos

NUTRO 29. By Frank Norris. New York: Rinehart & Co. 307 pp. $2.75.

By EDWARD J. FITZGERALD

FOR HIS first fictional effort, "Nutro 29," Frank Norris, an editor formerly of *Time* and now of *Newsweek*, has set himself the difficult task of writing a satirical fantasy on the political and economic situation of our times. What would happen today, he has asked himself, if the world should suddenly learn that science has discovered a way to produce a food substitute so cheaply that practically no one would have to work to get food?

This is precisely what happens in the first chapter of "Nutro 29." Dr. Tom Hightower—a Henry Fonda-type research chemist, in the author's words—has concocted from calcium, sunlight, and seaweed a pill so nutritious that a man can be fed for a month from a package the size of a cigarette pack at almost no cost. A reporter from the magazine *World Picture* stumbles upon this discovery. Thereafter, it is Mr. Norris's fancy, all hell breaks loose for Tom Hightower, for a collection of hurriedly assembled "characters," and ultimately for the world. The Russians run off with Tom. Big Business runs off with the formula and produces Piksnak and Quikmeel, and workers all over the world—able to eat cheaply—quit their jobs. Before the book is over the world is rushing through economic and political chaos toward self-destruction.

Now, this is a framework with engaging possibilities for the novelist interested in social satire. Within it he can say any number of wise and witty things about the state of the world and the way it is run. He can—and Mr. Norris dutifully does—take pot-shots at the Russians, at news magazines, at the ethics and marketing methods of Big Business, at bureaucracy in the U. S. Army and Navy, and at investigations by Congressional committees. The result should be a funny and stimulating novel.

It isn't. Apparently Mr. Norris's creative inventiveness, but not his energy, was expended after he thought up the initial situation. He forgot, or perhaps never knew, that within the framework he establishes a novelist must make the events he describes persuasive, even in a fantasy. However popular the idea may appear at present, the Russians can't kidnap the scientist just because they are Russians; the FBI can't later pursue him just because the FBI is supposed to

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pursue people. They must, for the purposes of the novel, plan to do something with him. If there is such a purpose Mr. Norris successfully obscures it in a whirl of frenzied activity.

More importantly, a novel built, however facetiously, on the premise that most of the people in the world would stop working if inexpensive food were available, must explain how these people continue to purchase the clothing, cars, gasoline, and other things they use. At least the author should provide them with means of payment for their Piksnaks.

Such gaps and structural weaknesses could be relatively unimportant. The reader could, perhaps, overlook the fact that the novel, as a novel, falls apart and concentrate instead on what the publishers announce as the book's "provocative satire." Unfortunately, Mr. Norris's satiric gifts are no stronger than his sense of structure. After some genuinely amusing opening scenes, in which the author's blunderbuss is delicately trained upon the news magazines and their methods of gathering and presenting news, the novel's satiric purposes appear to have been forgotten. Or perhaps the author confused farce with fancy.

Girl Rejected

THE SHADOW OF THE BRIDGE. By Betsey Barton. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 279 pp. $3.

By Josephine Lawrence

ONCE upon a time an old warhorse, a psychology teacher, apparently balked at the mass accumulation of resentment she faced—for one year too many—in her freshman lectures.

"You all feel you were neglected children, don't you?" she suggested. "You were not. The neglected children are dead. Someone took care of those of you who are here."

Probably that conclusion is too bracing for the average adolescent to accept, although it might offer a short cut to growing up. Betsey Barton refuses to hurry her heroine and the result is a long, tortured groping through a psychological labyrinth that cannot lead outward because the prisoner persistently turns all thoughts inward upon herself.

Alida Grant is convinced that she has been neglected, always. Motherless and with an aloof father, she rejects school friendships to avoid possible hurt. In her senior year at Cragmere boarding school she is as-

(*Continued on page* 29)

The World. *A realistic, forthright, and much-needed book on the most important problem facing the world today, written by a correspondent fully qualified for this delicate task, is what Joseph C. Harsch, of* The Christian Science Monitor, *seems to have achieved in "The Curtain Isn't Iron." (Leland Stowe once said it was really a picket fence.) Vera Micheles Dean, reviewing it herewith, finds that Mr. Harsch penetrates to the heart of the problem of how to deal with the Communists. Obviously, it is a book to be pondered by us all. . . . Other matters of more or less importance in this chaotic world are treated in such diverse books as T. Balogh's super-Keynesian "The Dollar Crisis," Derso & Kelen's captivating "United Nations Sketch Book," and Willie Snow Ethridge's occasionally thoughtful "Going to Jerusalem."*

Revival of the Eastern Twilight Zone

THE CURTAIN ISN'T IRON. By Joseph C. Harsch. New York: Doubleday & Co. 192 pp. $2.

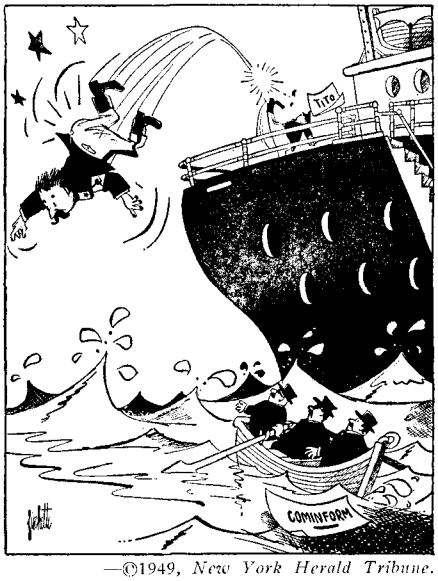
By Vera Micheles Dean

IN THIS period of mounting tension and irresponsible name-calling a foreign correspondent must be more than an alert reporter of fast-moving events. He must also have the imagination to look behind dog-eared clichés and stale dogmas and the courage to tell what he sees even if his views may prove unpalatable. This combination of qualities is rare. It is the good fortune of the American public that they are possessed in high degree by Joseph Harsch, for many years foreign correspondent and now correspondent in Washington for *The Christian Monitor*, which deserves top honors for its objectivity.

Weaving together in an unpretentious little volume material much of which had previously appeared in the *Monitor* and other publications, Mr. Harsch gives a true-to-life picture of recent developments in Eastern Europe, which is all too often not clearly seen or deliberately distorted by American observers. He starts out with the basic conviction that "the curtain isn't iron" (Leland Stowe used to say that the reputed "Iron Curtain" could be more accurately described as a picket fence). Russia's neighbors, from the Baltic to the Black Sea, are, according to him, in a state of flux and ferment, and the worst mistake we could make would be to assume that their fate has been irrevocably sealed and so all hope of change must be foreclosed.

Looking impartially at both sides of a vastly complex situation, which our press and radio have a fatal predisposition to oversimplify beyond recognition, he sees not only the errors of policy committed by Moscow but also those committed by Washington. In his opinion, Eastern Europe is a twilight zone, which had been torn between West and East long before Stalin came on the scene. He is sanguine about the possibility of "breaking the exclusive control of Moscow" in this contested area without resort to war.

> The end result of such a process [however, he contends] would not be an Eastern Europe totally free from Russian influence or totally dominated by Western influence. . . . What would come out of it would be a revival of the Eastern European twilight zone in which Western influence would continually vie with Russian influence. The best that might come of it would be



—©1949, *New York Herald Tribune.*

"Dropping the Pilot."

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a buffer area separating Russia and the West. That might be the most practicable solution. It is certainly the solution which Eastern Europe itself would prefer.

The major mistake of the Kremlin, Mr. Harsch believes, was to try to impose the control of the Russian national state on its neighbors which, under native Communist regimes, were intent on working out their own destiny without interference from any quarter. The Soviet leaders, by trying to bolster the strategic and economic position of the USSR with respect to Germany, overplayed their hand. Russian nationalism, as Lenin had predicted, spelled the end of Moscow's influence as the fountainhead of international Communism. What Marshal Tito has succeeded in doing in Yugoslavia—and Mr. Harsch is optimistic about Yugoslavia's long-run prospects—may eventually be repeated, although in different forms, from Poland to China. It is up to the United States to take advantage of this fundamental miscalculation on the part of Moscow and regain some of the influence it has lost in Eastern Europe since 1945.

But while Moscow has erred through too much nationalism, Washington, in Mr. Harsch's view, has erred through lack of comprehension of the revolutionary forces at work in countries which, with the exception of Czechoslovakia, had relatively undeveloped agrarian economies, still in the early stages of industrialization, and where economic and social reforms had been long overdue. If the United States wants to do more than check Russia's control in the area—if we are determined to undo the changes that have occurred in the past five years and restore the prewar status quo—then this aim, he asserts, can be achieved only through war, and another war, especially if fought with atomic bombs, would leave little status quo to restore.

Mr. Harsch writes with greater frankness than this reviewer has seen anywhere else about the propensity of American diplomats in Eastern European capitals during the early postwar years to consider the overthrow of the regimes to which they were accredited as their principal, if not their sole, task, and to promote and protect the interests of opposition groups. Nor does he mince words about the tendency shown by Americans throughout Europe to deride Socialism. In a penetrating sketch of conditions in Austria he points out that one of the most important factors in making the Austrian people immune to Communism and Russian influence is the strong position of the Socialists and the trade-unions, who have forced even the Russians to observe Western rules about the treatment of labor.

Tito's brand of Communism, which defies control from Moscow but remains true to basic Communist doctrines and practices, has, in Mr. Harsch's judgment, proved "a more effective instrument for political operations than have Western liberalism, Western free enterprise, and emigré groups." He therefore urges Western aid to Tito—not for reasons of sentiment but for reasons of intelligent self-interest. The West must encourage Yugoslavia to become "as self-reliant as possible" without expecting that dissociation from Moscow will bring about abandonment of Communism by Belgrade or even close association with the United States. In short, he advises us not to expect nations which repudiate Moscow automatically to accept our way of life.

This realistic advice, although given here only with respect to Eastern Europe, should prove of value in our relations with Nehru and Bao-Dai, with France and Indonesia. Russia, he concludes, is weaker today in Eastern Europe than it was in 1948 and is overextending itself in Asia. We must recognize that the main strength of its appeal until recently has been due to its propaganda support of reforms in underdeveloped countries. We have an excellent opportunity to match the Kremlin on this testing ground, without inviting another holocaust—but only provided the United States does not become the standard-bearer of restoration and the indiscriminate opponent of all changes that happen to be supported by Communists.

Vera Micheles Dean is research director of the Foreign Policy Association and author of several important books about Soviet Russia.

—*Lila Oliver Asher.*

Joseph C. Harsch—"aid to Tito [out] of intelligent self-interest."

Curing the Pound

THE DOLLAR CRISIS: Causes and Cure. By T. Balogh. New York: The Macmillan Co. 269 pp. $3.

By Peter R. Levin

PERHAPS because he is so unflinching in following his thinking whence it leads and because he writes so plausibly and positively about his conclusions, Thomas ("Tommy") Balogh, of Balliol College, Oxford, is known to his fellow economists as the *enfant terrible* of the Keynesian left wing. For in Mr. Balogh's belief older orthodoxy or pre-Keynesian economic thought would be better off if its exponents gave it a decent funeral, leaving its embalmed remains to the future curiosity of students of intellectual history. And even Lord Keynes himself is due for a few—and sometimes drastic—revisions.

Not that Mr. Balogh is irresponsible or callowly disrespectful. Rather, he is irrepressible, iconoclastic, and unashamedly extreme. His very able and closely reasoned book on "The Dollar Crisis" shows exactly those characteristics. It is purposively controversial. Its author unabashedly plumps for the welfare state, strong controls, and widespread planning. In short, Mr. Balogh is extreme. But then, he's addressing himself to an extreme problem, the matter of making Europe viable without either perpetual transfusions of Marshall-Plan dollars or amputations on the standard of living. Just possibly, from a theoretical standpoint, he may be right—if you grant his assumptions.

For instance, he abhors the least hint of unemployment; full employment, he argues, should be really "full," with labor in short supply receiving wages that might be a trifle inflated. Not only that; for social reasons government should insure full employment by carrying out mildly inflationary monetary and fiscal policies, meanwhile clamping down the lid on price spirals through effective controls. Furthermore, by high taxation and government-administered social services the resultant redistribution of wealth and income is a great boon to the people as a whole. Also, such a redistribution is the only thing that can keep a national economy on even keel.

Coming down to the case of postwar Britain and the critical state of international economic relations, the author advocates a program that makes Sir Stafford Cripps, the paragon of austerity, look like a prodigal. Pro-labor though he is, Mr. Balogh castigates the Attlee Government for

(*Continued on page* 31)

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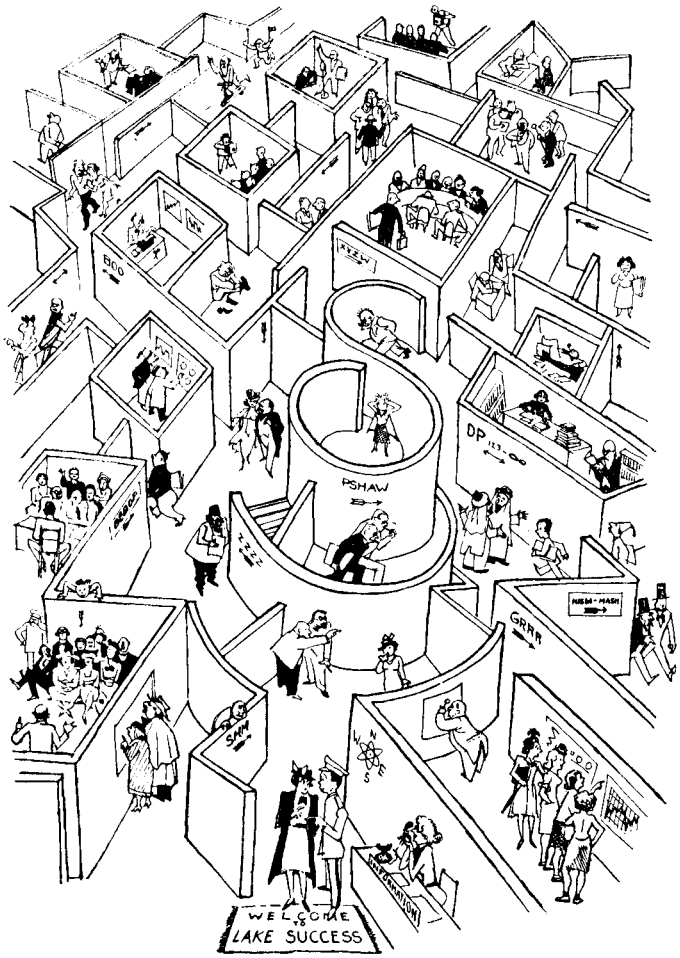
Lake Success Story

UNITED NATIONS SKETCHBOOK. By Derso and Kelen. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. in association with United Nations World. 96 *pp.* $2.85.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

DERSO and Kelen, first names not given, have been trailing international conferences since the Locarno meeting of 1922. It sounds, offhand, like a depressing way to spend a generation but in Derso's and Kelen's deft fingers it hasn't worked out that way at all. Their hands have not lost their cunning and, more important, their hearts have not lost hope. Their technical proficiency is of the highest order; they are particularly apt at likenesses. But in the field of ideas they are more than proficient; they are superb. They subtitle their present production "a cartoon history of the United Nations," and that is exactly what it is. Here is the U.N. story from San Francisco to Lake Success, told with gaiety and adroitness and imparting more factual information than could be sucked out of the equivalent quantity of wordage. There is bite in the sketches but no malice; if Derso and Kelen are not complete Pollyannas, neither are they complete misanthropes. There are occasional little driblets of text, but they tell much; here, for instance, is the story of the death of the League of Nations: "There came an hour of decision when the League failed to act. And soon, a man straight out of the Bible appeared before the Assembly, speaking in a language nobody knew, and everybody understood—the Negus of Ethiopia, the bad conscience of the world." These collaborators "do not pretend to be unbiased." They admit they are "pig-headed and partial." Russian Delegate Malik, for instance, they do not like. "Because of that little ideological difference? Nonsense! Clean-shaven, regular mouth, classic nose, well-balanced forehead, perfectly tailored, not even a *cossack hat*!" That typifies the spirit behind this high- and good-humored accomplishment.



"Home Sweet Home."

"Is It a Bird? Is It a Man? No! SUPERMAN!"

"Bi-partisan Foreign Policy."

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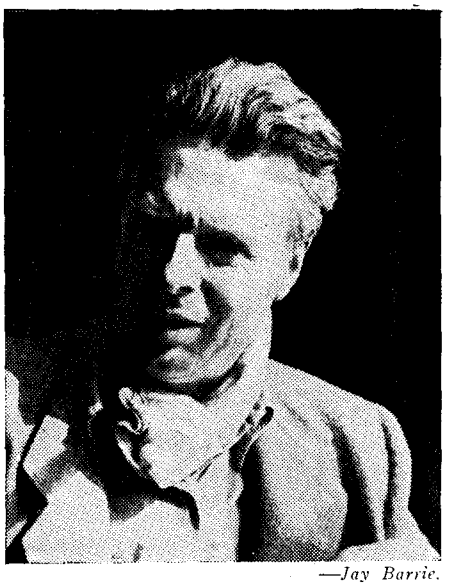
Ideas and Studies.

At first glance it may seem passing strange for even so erudite and unpredictable a philosopher as Aldous Huxley to turn to as seemingly obscure a subject as Maine du Biran, the shy aristocrat who lived uneasily through the French Revolution and the reign of Napoleon. But, as Thomas Sugrue points out below, Biran, like modern man, lived at a time when he could not know what was happening to the world and, therefore, his reactions to his own unenlightenment may shine some light upon our own—especially at the witty hands of Huxley. . . . Once again Lin Yutang, the Chinese-American philosopher, ranges over a variety of subjects searching for what is best in American life, finding it in many places and writing about it in his pleasant way, calling his essays, with good grace, "On the Wisdom of America."



—*Jay Barrie.*

Aldous Huxley—"Collisions of society with personal universes."

Enlightenment on Our Unenlightenment

THEMES AND VARIATIONS. By Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros. 272 pp. $3.50.

By Thomas Sugrue

IT IS always a pleasure to visit the mind of Aldous Huxley; in the world of ideas his intelligence is a charming and well-provisioned host. In the present volume of essays this intelligence is like a man out for a walk in the woods—relaxed and observant for a while, suddenly concentrated and observant, critical in flashes, stimulated to comparisons and comments by what he sees. The main piece is a fairly long consideration of man as an individual unit in history; the shorter bits are companion essays, following the idea of man-in-history through various centuries and subjects until the present dilemma of too many men and too much liberty is reached.

The long essay is called "Variations on a Philosopher," and in it Mr. Huxley considers the case of Maine de Biran, a Frenchman who lived from 1766 to 1824, holding various government positions during that time and enduring, as an aristocrat, the Revolution and Napoleon. He also kept a *Journal Intime*, in which he exposed himself as a metaphysician, a cerebrotonic, and a man bothered by ill health, shyness, a passion for truth, and a longing to escape the oppressive discomforts of life by discovering and joining himself with the reality of the spirit. The entries in the Journal give Mr. Huxley an opportunity to discuss Biran from a number of angles and to observe him in relation to the France and the Europe in which he lived. In the process Mr. Huxley himself gets into the picture, and so, after a while, does the reader, who realizes that Biran in relationship to his time is cousin to himself in relation to the present. Biran did not know what was happening to the world and neither does modern man.

There were, for example, three movements which came to strength in Biran's time and which thereafter were to increase steadily in importance in Western life—nationalism, the industrial revolution, and the scientific examination of man's psychic life. Biran saw no importance in any of these, though the latter, with its beginnings in mesmerism and somnambulism, might have aided him greatly in his effort to find a way through the labyrinth of his inner self. He was, Mr. Huxley points out, so completely an introvert that he never entered in his Journal descriptions of the people he saw and talked with—he saw and talked with the great of his day in many fields—and he was therefore neither interested in nor aware of the unfolding outer life of man, which on a vast folk scale corresponded to his patient labor at the veils which hid from him the meaning of himself. Had he been leavened by even a modicum of extrovert tendency he might have participated more serviceably in the outer world and at the same time had more success in the inner world. As it was he succeeded somewhat as a a behind-the-scenes politician for the moderate parties and failed to reach any appreciable heights as a mystic.

Mr. Huxley, of course, is not interested in Biran's success or failure, inner or outer. He is concerned with a man whose inner thoughts and emotions we know intimately, by way of his Journal, and whose time of life we know thoroughly, thanks to the historians of the French Revolution. He can be studied therefore in relationship to ourselves as we exist in a new age of change; Biran enlightens us on our own unenlightenment, on our own dimness of vision and lack of realization. In the final essay, "The Double Crisis," this dimness of vision and lack of realization are exposed through the problems of overpopulation and soil erosion, problems which, as Mr. Huxley among others believes, lie poisonously under the tables at which we debate our political and economic dilemmas.

That we proceed through history as a group is only superficially so; any generation is actually a collection of curious and lonely fragments of consciousness, each concerned with a personal universe and all in a state of mystification about what is happening to society. This is the theme of Mr. Huxley's book; the variations, whether on Biran, Goya, El Greco, or prisons, are improvised commentaries on the soft collisions of society with the personal universes of its members; the complete composition is philosophy in a mystical vein, with a melodic line of wit. Translated into the vernacular it spells Huxley.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 847)

O. HENRY:
MEMOIRS OF A YELLOW DOG
(From "The Four Million")

I led a dog's life in that flat. Most all day I lay in my corner. . . . I sometimes had pipe dreams about being out chasing cats into basements. . . . She would pounce upon me with a lot of that driveling poodle palaver and kiss me on the nose.

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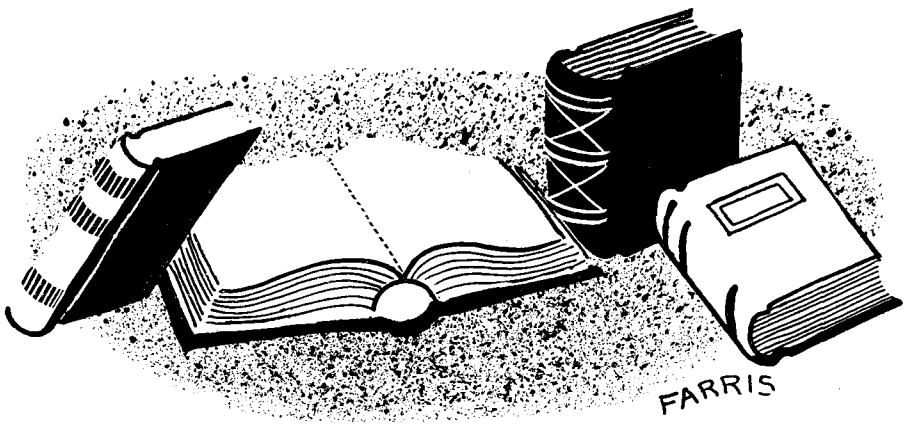

Giants in America & Sages, Too

ON THE WISDOM OF AMERICA. By Lin Yutang. New York: The John Day Co. 462 pp. $5.

By Robert Bierstedt

LIN YUTANG, of course, is a philosopher. But he is a philosopher in a very ancient and etymological sense. Not for him is the philosopher whom George Berkeley described, the man "who kicks up a lot of dust and then complains because he can't see clearly." Philosophy is no series of technicalities and metaphysics is only an unfortunate intrusion in the realms of knowledge. As for the history of philosophy, that is a housemaid who sweeps the dirt under the rug one day and then sweeps it out again and under another one the next. No. Philosophy to Lin Yutang means what it meant to the nameless wonderer who invented the word in the first place. It means the love of wisdom.

Is there philosophy in this sense in America? Many of our foreign critics have been reluctant to say so. They have seen only our machines, our hustle and hurry, our passion for success, our pragmatism, or, if they have been anthropologists, our immigrant fathers. Lin Yutang is not one of our critics but one of our friends. He is too polite to mention these subjects. He knows there have been wise men in America and he tells us about them in this book and quotes what they have written.

Who are the Americans whom he calls wise? A certain fastidiousness of intellect permits him to enjoy only the best and so it is a distinguished list. Mark Twain is on it and E. B. White and James Thurber and Will Rogers and Clarence Day. So also are the essayists John Jay Chapman, Agnes Repplier, Frank Moore Colby, Logan Pearsall Smith, and Christopher Morley. Albert Einstein and Alfred North Whitehead count as Americans here and so make their brief appearances along with John Dewey and Irwin Edman and a host of others. Above all, our author finds wisdom in Oliver Wendell Holmes, both senior and junior, in Emerson and Thoreau, in Lincoln and Franklin and Jefferson and in George Santayana. But the man he seems to quote the most is David Grayson, one of the very few Americans who have written on happiness and contentment, on friendship and on solitude.

The things that Lin Yutang likes become clear in his comments and in his choice of excerpts—which comprise a little more than half the book—and so also do the things he dislikes. Balance, proportion, harmony, moderation, order — these are the virtues which appeal to him, along with an appreciation of good food and good wine. For the cantankerous morality of little men he has little use. He makes us see that dogmatism, whether political or religious, is somehow ill-mannered and violates the rules of comity. As any cosmopolitan gentleman must, he objects alike to prudery and pruriency. Indeed, it is on this latter ground that he disapproves of Whitman in the only section of the book where he exhibits a bit of impatience. Whitman could not conceive of the glory of love, or even of the beauty in sex, apart from the animal drive of procreation. Finally, he registers a veto on the United Nations, not only because it is antidemocratic and perpetuates the dangerous myth of national sovereignty but because it is out of date. It lacks the wisdom of Woodrow Wilson.

It is pleasant to walk with Lin Yutang as he makes his American explorations. It is doubly pleasant to receive his assurances that there have been giants in America, and sages, too.

Springs of Strength

ON FACING THE WORLD. By Louis J. Halle, Jr. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 198 pp. $2.75.

By William S. Lynch

FOR WHATEVER they are worth, an awful lot of books are being written these days about the "good life." Most of them are piffle—deliberately wrought manuscripts for the trade, full of high-sounding nostrums under new labels. Reaching to wisdom they grasp at saws.

This book is something else again. First of all, it has the saving grace of modesty. Like most things modest and unpretentious, it is simple and therefore clear and truly wise. It is a delight to read, to ponder over, and to enjoy, as much for the savor of its style as for its content. Somewhere in this book the author speaks of his reactions to various things he reads. On some he says he cannot concentrate, over others he sits all evening daydreaming. "The effect of some books is such that almost every sentence sets me off." His own belongs with these last. Writing from a maturity beyond his years, he produces a mellowness of thought which lingers with the reader long after the eye has registered his words.

Even the device he uses succeeds. In less sure hands it could easily spill over to a point where a mildly sophisticated reader would squirm. For this is put together in the form of a letter to his one-year-old son, addressed to him as he will be when he is of age and his mind has matured. The father claims for the letter nothing more than an accumulation of miscellaneous thoughts "that I hardly knew what to do with," all adding up to his own personal philosophy.

Like all personal philosophies, this one is the singular product of a particular life. In this case it is that of a still youngish man, traveled and studious, with an unusual flair for solitude and reflection in a career where incessant activity could make such things improbable. Even more significant would seem to be his taste in books. "Read," he tells his boy, "Stevenson, Kipling, Shakespeare, Conrad, Melville, Gibbon, Macaulay, Santayana, Churchill, Thomas Browne, Donne, Muir, Thoreau, Emerson, and Lincoln until the patterns of their thought (their language, if you will) become the patterns of your own mind."

Such a man conceives the proper purpose of civilization as "the exaltation of mankind, the release of the ego from the darkness of the brute

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and primitive mind, its eventual apotheosis." The Emersonian doctrine of compensation weaves through all his thoughts and like Thoreau and others he fears for man the fate of Antaeus, whom Hercules overcame by holding him aloft until the strength he got from contact with his mother Earth had all run out. So with modern man, whose urban life substitutes laws and statutes for direct relations with the earthy things on which he feeds and from which he must draw substance if he is to survive.

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces . . . I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching." The author knows it is not as easy to give good advice today as it was when Portia finished her speech, but he would appear to have done it with a healthy and wholesome affirmation far more convincing than most. What is more important is the satisfying and appealing manner in which he gives it. Healthy pessimism for the race as a whole combines with radiant optimism for man as an individual. Contempt for the jargon-spouting specialist is equaled only by distrust of the nihilistic artist, who by destroying form and logic degrades mankind to the role of predatory animal.

Mr. Halle is a civilized man in the best sense of the word, the way Emerson was; he is concerned but not despairing. Aware of the problems that beset mankind, he knows, too, the secret springs of strength which properly drawn from can make the human seem divine. Where the springs which he has found are located he shows his son, and showing him shows us, in phrasing and manner as clear and fresh as the springs themselves.

Louis J. Halle, Jr.—"healthy pessimism."

Beelzebub from Mars

ALL AND EVERYTHING. By G. Gurdjieff. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1238 pp. $5.

By Ben Ray Redman

WOULD you like to understand the part that has been played in human history by the crystallized consequences of the properties of the organ Kundabuffer? Would you like to master the Trogoautoegocratic principle of existence, and be able to distinguish between duration according to the Foolasnitammian principle and according to the Itoklanoz principle? Would you care to consider the sacred Egokoolnatsnarniansensation and to realize the importance of the omnipresent - Active - Element - Okidanokh in life's scheme? Do you lament your ignorance regarding the use to which the Kolenian gypsies put their Tandoors? Are you ashamed because you cannot precisely locate the Kartotakhnian hills or explain the part played by the Chief-Common-Universal-Arch-Chemist Angel Looisos in the development of the three-brained beings known as men?

Well — if your answers are affirmative — this is the book for you. All you have to do is to plunge into it and subject yourself to the multitudinous words of Beelzebub as — aboard the space-ship *Karnak*, in the year 1921 — he discourses to his grandson on the history and nature of man. Beelzebub is an authority on the subject for when he was exiled from the Sun Absolute by His Endlessness he was sent to our solar system, where, as a resident of Mars, he kept the Earth under telescopic observation and visited our planet no less than six times in both pre-Atlantis and post-Atlantis days. And it is Beelzebub's avowed intention — or rather the late George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff's — "to destroy, mercilessly, without any compromise whatsoever, in the mentation and feelings of the reader, the beliefs and views, by centuries rooted in him, about everything existing in the world."

A large order and one that was not, in my case, completely carried out. But I plead guilty to having failed, as yet, to heed the author's warning that every word of his must be read three times. This volume, by the way, is only the "first series" of "All and Everything." Two more are promised. The second series will "acquaint the reader with the material required for a new creation," while the third will "assist the arising, in the mentation and in the feelings of the reader, of a veritable, nonfantastic representation not of that illusory world which he now perceives, but of the world existing in reality." Perhaps these two works were not completed before the author's death, but, in any case, he planned to make his third series available only to picked illuminati.

Whatever else he was, Gurdjieff must have been an extraordinary person; the eyes that look out from the jacket portrait are hypnotic. But all I know of him is what I heard casually during the 1920's: that he was the founder of the Institute-for-the-Harmonious - Development - of - Man, which consisted of himself and his teachings, and that he claimed among his disciples not only rich Americans, who were urged to divest themselves of their wealth on the spot, but also such "intellectuals" as Katherine Mansfield and Orage. So I came to his book with small knowledge of its author and with no preconceived ideas. Taking leave of it, I must report that in my opinion it consists of a few seeds of truth and wisdom buried in a vast midden of nonsense.

The central message is simple: Man is not the creature he was intended to be by Great Nature; somewhere along his route something has gone very wrong indeed. In order to convey this message Gurdjieff invents his own cosmology, theology, mythology, history, science, and language — the last must have been good sport for a master of Armenian, Greek, Russian, and other tongues — and has Beelzebub spin his endless tales of our planet and its three-brained creatures as he has observed them over thousands of years from Mars and on visits to all the continents, including Atlantis, home of "the first and last genuinely learned beings of the Earth." There is much playful humor in these tales but most of it is of the kind that is commonly called elephantine and most of the writing, even apart from the jargon, is turbid to a degree that makes it nearly insufferable. No more bearable is the pretentiousness of the balderdash. But that Gurdjieff's ideas can be expressed clearly is proved by the lecture which is included in the author's postscript: a half-dozen pages of this — on the mechanical nature of modern man, with his lack of genuine will power and personality—is worth as much as the previous 1,200.

When he reached the end of this first instalment of "All and Everything" Gurdjieff announced that he intended to rest for a whole month, without taking up his pen, during which time he would slowly drink "fifteen bottles of 'super-most-super-heavenly-nectar' called at the present time on Earth 'old Calvados.'" I — even I, as a mere reader of the book he wrote — can understand and applaud his decision.

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Cerebral World of Great & Little Books

THE COUNTER-RENAISSANCE. By Hiram Haydn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 705 *pp.* $7.50.

By JOHN HERMAN RANDALL, JR.

THE amazing and versatile Hiram Haydn, editor of *The American Scholar*, editor-in-chief of Crown Publishers, and general editor of Scribner's Twentieth-Century Library, author of three novels and compiler of four anthologies, and teacher of two courses in creative writing at the New School, has now issued the most comprehensive study of the intellectual history of the Renaissance in English since Henry Osborn Taylor's "Thought and Expression in the Sixteenth Century." His volume will be the constant companion of all students of the literatures of the age. For Mr. Haydn is not only a discriminating reader of the few Great Books. He is master of all the Little Books — the scholarly studies and surveys of the past thirty years. Here is the best compilation of what they have to tell.

Mr. Haydn has an unusual editorial flair for what is significant and illuminating in this mass of secondary literature in English and French. He has made the most of his wide reading; his evaluations in the hundred-odd pages of — segregated — notes are lively and judicious. But in addition he has a genuinely synthetic mind. He can see relations, similarities, contrasts that unify broad, intellectual movements and set them over against opposing cross-currents. Hence he can make clear patterns of thought that remain invisible to the plodding searcher after "influences" and "sources." It is this complex structure of ideas that interests him, and that he brilliantly illuminates, rather than the individual intellectual personalities. This makes for a certain repetitiousness: the same figure turns up again and again in connection with fresh problems. Nor is Mr. Haydn niggardly of his quotations, especially from his authorities.

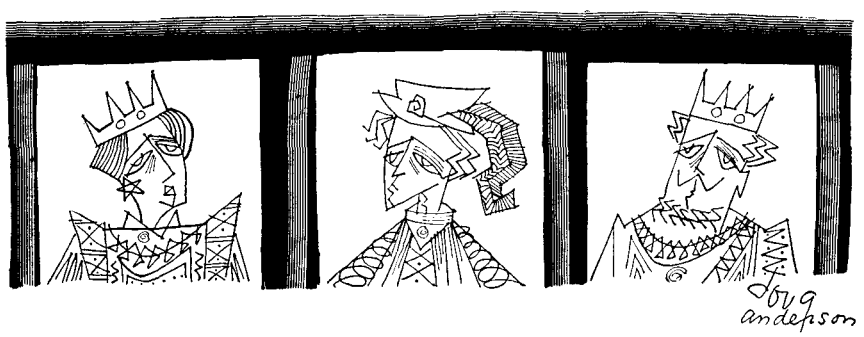
It is as a comprehensive and up-to-date intellectual history that Mr. Haydn's book will become a standard work. But the author also offers a new, brilliant, and provocative interpretation. Annoyed at the recent tendency of literary scholars like Douglas Bush and E. M. Tillyard to emphasize the continuity between Elizabethan thought and the Middle Ages, and hence to play up the "Christian humanists" of the time, he provides a place for the more rebellious and radical tendencies in what, borrowing the phrase from Theodore Spencer and Robert B. Heilman, he calls "the Counter-Renaissance." This leads him to distinguish three large intellectual movements within the broader "Renaissance." The first is the main current of the classical Renaissance, the Christian humanism recently emphasized of Erasmus, More, and Hooker—a continuous development from St. Thomas to Milton. The second, the "Counter-Renaissance," includes all the protests against this Christian humanism, as well as against the older scholasticism. The third is the "scientific reformation" beginning with Kepler and Galileo.

The nub of Mr. Haydn's interpretation is his contention that all the more radical figures, like Luther, Calvin, Machiavelli, Montaigne, Bruno, and Bacon, belonged really to "one great ideological revolution" against reason and authority, against "universal law" and the "ideals of limit." This revolt against intellectualism and systematization formed a transitional period between two highly confident and secure world views, each based on "reason"—the scholastic and Christian-humanistic, and the Newtonian one. With great skill Mr. Haydn brings out the common elements of revolt in the fideism of Luther and Calvin, the naturalism of Machiavelli and Montaigne, the "romanticism" of Pico, Paracelsus, and Bruno, and the "radical empiricism" of Vives, Telesio, and Bacon.

Mr. Haydn develops his thesis with vigor, but with all the critical judgment, the qualifications, and nuances it obviously demands. The tendencies he groups into the "Counter-Renaissance" were clearly there. They were expressed by the most interesting and powerful, if not the most typical, minds of the time—and certainly by the best writers. The points of similarity in their opposition to the "main current" of Christian humanism are fascinatingly explored.

The whole interpretation is brought to a focus in the "enigmatic Elizabethans." Mr. Haydn finds them caught between the traditionalist and the radical currents of a transitional age. Hence they display a dichotomy, a "strange mingling — in the same men, even in single passages — of affirmation and rebellion, idealism and cynicism, aspiration and pessimism, delicacy and grossness, exuberance and despair." Haydn finds only Donne and Bacon "consistently Counter-Renaissance," though its strong influence appears in Marlowe, Raleigh, Greville, Gabriel Harvey, and Marston. Chapman, Spenser, Sidney, and Nashe show a divided allegiance; while Jonson, Hooker, and Daniel are consistently "Christian humanist."

Nor does Mr. Haydn hesitate to test his interpretation by the ultimate touchstone. And though he admits the traditional defeat — the mind of Shakespeare himself escapes him — he does succeed in illuminating the intellectual conflicts of the world in which Shakespeare lived—conflicts of which the great tragedies are aware:



> "Hamlet" and "Othello" are played out in sick worlds, where the answer is still to be found in traditional values, but where those values have been sufficiently challenged to make for uncertainty and complication — and where they are being insufficiently practised to make the discrepancy between profession and practice a cause for alarm or even skepticism. On the other hand, "Lear" and "Macbeth" are enacted in a predatory world of impending doom — a world so early or so late in time that there are no blurred edges or complications possible. Only the endurance of Stoicism or the self-preservation and self-indulgence of "the philosophy of nature" are possible programs for action. . . .
>
> It seems clear to me that Shakespeare's final position, as seen through the tragedies, is that indeed "the readiness is all," and the Stoic is substantially right. . . . Clearly he did not embrace many of the positions of the Counter-Renaissance; most of its proponents whom he depicts are "villains." Yet there is an admixture of their points of view in his essential philosophical conservatism, and perhaps in temper and outlook he comes closer to Montaigne than to any other individual we have studied. . . .
>
> What is there left to say? Only that the intellectual world which has been the subject of this book was his world.

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The Novel Goes To Church

THE ENGLISH and American intellectuals of today profess to see in the extraordinary increase in church membership in this country and the popular success of "religious" movies, novels, and nonfiction books only a reflection of our fear for the future and our doubt whether man can be saved from the products of his inventions. William Barrett, in one of a long series of articles on religion and the intellectual in *Partisan Review*, believes that we are clutching at religion "as if it might solve the international problem of the atom when all else has failed." Behind the current revival he sees merely a generous but vague aspiration toward the spiritual. He adds, "Religion is total or it is nothing."

Mr. Barrett is only one of a group of these writers who seem to believe that American civilization is the most irreligious that has ever existed. Robert Graves says the steady increase in church-going in this country is a social rather than a religious phenomenon, a national urge to parochial respectability, in which old-fashioned prophetic salvationism is left to the poor whites and the Negroes. "The concept of the supernatural," he writes, "is a disease of religion. True religion is of natural origin and linked practically with the seasons, though it implies occasional states of abnormal ecstasy which can be celebrated only in the language of myth. . . . Christian supernaturalism is equally a disease of language." I. A. Richards, in the same series, points to the capture of Christmas by the advertisers and the increasing surrender to the jukebox as examples of the need for controls of our mores, though he does not belittle the danger that an authoritarian State may replace the Church. W. H. Auden writes that "if Communism does not succeed in conquering the world any future we see is likely to live increasingly in a world of one culture and many faiths."

In most of these confusing declarations there appear to be a central lack of a belief in any kind of Christian religion which has the power to move the mind, the heart, and the soul of man. The ordinary man and woman of this generation, who have good cause for examining the future with skepticism, now have nowhere to look outside of their own capacities for endurance and hope except toward religious faith. A century or even fifty years ago there was a strong belief that science and the increasing ability of society to ameliorate human suffering might bring it about that a man would not need any religion at all. With every year and day that passes we now know that nineteenth-century philosophers were wrong. We have unveiled the mysteries of the heavens and have torn matter apart only to discover the mystery of the atom; nor have science and medicine discovered the essence of the mind or soul of man.

The explanation of the growth of a new religious ardor in the United States does not require the investigations of philosophers or intellectuals. When the people became convinced that there was no certain hope in politics or science or academic learning it was inevitable that the moment must come for a return to the Church. There can be no doubt that a true religious revival is in progress. In 1947 the Catholic population, for example, amounted to more than twenty-five and a quarter millions; in 1949 it had increased by a million and a half. The recently published *Official Catholic Directory for* 1950 announces the biggest gain ever recorded in one year, so that the total of recorded American Catholics now stands at 27,766,141. There has also been a marked increase in all of the major Protestant Churches, North, East, South, and West.

THERE can be no doubt either that the religious novel and autobiography have returned in a manner that would have startled publishers twenty or so years ago. The success of the books of Lloyd Douglas, the wide-spread appeal of Thomas Merton's "The Seven Storey Mountain," the rise to the top of the best-seller lists of Henry Morton Robinson's "The Cardinal" are authentic proofs of the public's desire to examine and understand men who live by the spirit. For many years before Franz Werfel's "The Song of Bernadette" religion was a limited field for writers, and one in which the technique of running a church, overcoming the resistance of lay boards of directors, and maintaining a balance between spirituality and human desires provided plots and episodes. Today it has developed as a medium in which writers may express to hundreds of thousands their belief in God and hope for salvation, which are the fundamentals of a religious faith and a religious population. It is in a sense a minor miracle, for it could not have been predicted that the nation most deeply involved in the complexities of a mechanical and scientific civilization could return to the faith of their forefathers or to any faith that was not founded on a

I Knew Him Well

By LeRoy Smith, Jr.

HE WAS my Latin teacher then, and, oh,
How I admired his brilliant frown! I'd cull
The puns and tags from Truth's own lips and mull
Them over, worshiping. What grace to know
So much!
My master twenty years ago
Is more distinguished now, and much more dull
Than I; for Time's a treacherous old trull
That steals our flowers while our gardens grow.
How could I ever, I, have hung on this
Inept and overwhelming bore's dead words
Or heard in him the round suave voice of Rome!
Perhaps when we've caught up, what we most miss
Is certain eagles fledged from common birds,
And Caesars without circuses at home.

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libertarian belief in good intentions, scientific achievement, national generosity, and the increasing power and wealth of the country. There are many of us still—especially among the intellectuals—who conform to Chesterton's definition of the skeptic, "one who disbelieves in man even more than he does in God." We need more novelists who can believe in man and God, in the romance and grandeur of the smallest village, in which every individual is a new experiment of the Creator, and in a world in which there is some sense to living. —H. S.

Bookmarks

A PUBLIC-RELATIONS outfit has surveyed 400 "representative" Washington families who own television sets and has evolved these statistics marking television's inroads into other cultural concerns:

Among adults: Movie attendance down 72 per cent, books 29.1, magazines 22.6, newspapers 4.7.

Among children: Movie attendance down 46 per cent, books 9.2, magazines 11, comics 15.7.

Book publishers, obviously, will be well advised to forget the adult population and to concentrate on the still-literate young. Movie producers may as well jump out the window.

* * *

A lady of our acquaintance sent a parcel of clothing to a second cousin once removed in central Europe whom she had never seen and received this acknowledgment, in English, which we reproduce textually:

> I was very glad to receive the zipp-fasteners. I called them zippers, because I found it so in a magazine; shouldn't be rather slide-fastener? It is always so, if one doesn't know the English language. As I mentioned from the description on account of the slide-fastener you have many kinds of them; ones for dresse, other for coats, pockets or so-called dress neck line. I didn't describe you in the right way which is the purpose I need them for, because we have one kind of zippers only and I had no idea they can exist some other kinds of them. They are obtainable but made in a very simple way, get very often spoiled, the denticles get out or get clogget and there is no way to open or to get them together again.

A zipper (zipp-fastener, slide-fastener) is a mean animal in any language.

* * *

To choose a book by its title is a reprehensible practice, but we committed it the other day. The book was "How to Locate Skips and Collect." The author, A. M. Tannrath, is (if you are in any doubt about it) a credit manager. The word skip, in this connotation, is obviously as legitimate a technical substantive as armature, echelon, filly, or little cassino, yet it appears to have missed the dictionaries. There are whole areas of arcane speech which cry aloud for their lexicographer.

* * *

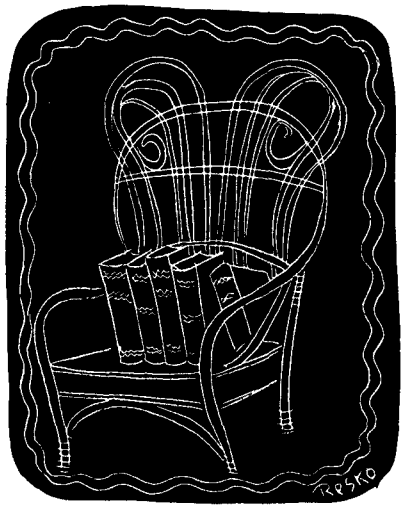
Robert Sylvester's "The Second Oldest Profession" describes the careers of the proprietor of and a reporter for an imaginary New York newspaper called the *Daily Globe*. The jacket says that Mr. Sylvester has been a professional newspaperman for twenty-three years and so he recalls, of course, that there really was, once, a New York *Globe*. Art is indeed long, and time otherwise. The *Globe* is now able to reappear, quite legitimately, as a purely fictitious creation. The real *Globe*, incidentally, was a darned good paper.

* * *

One of the higher annoyances to which the novel reader is occasionally subjected is the irritant of anticipation — the adroit, or maladroit, hint by the author that he knows what's going to happen but you don't. This sort of thing: "A year later, and ten thousand miles away, Littleborough would recall that casual remark with vivid irony." After all, if the author has no story to tell he shouldn't be trying to tell one. Don't look now (the reader would like to warn such an offender) but your omniscience is showing.

* * *

Among the more disconcerting phenomena of our times are the involvements of the asterisk in advertising copy. The idea seems to be that it must, at all costs, avoid referring the reader to the bottom of the page. —J. T. W.



Good News

▸ Under the UNESCO-CARE program books valued at more than $50,000 have been distributed to seventeen countries and territories. An additional $150,000 in recent contributions will be used for new book purchases. Eighty-five per cent of the requests received by UNESCO from participating nations have been for books printed in English. War-damaged libraries have been aided in Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Finland, France, Greece, Italy, the United Kingdom, Western Germany and Berlin, Japan, Korea, Malta, the Netherlands, Norway, the Philippines, Pakistan, and Thailand.

▸ The Worcester Natural History Museum has been given 300 acres of land in Rutland, Mass., where it will operate the F. Harold Daniels School of Forestry and Conservation, the only school of its kind in the country. It will be opened this summer to thirty boys of high-school age and will offer a four-year course—lasting two months each year, July and August—aimed at teaching the fundamentals of natural resources and how to conserve them.

▸ The International Refugee Organization accepted "an extremely generous" offer of New Zealand to give homes to 1,000 refugees difficult to settle elsewhere. Among them will be 200 women up to fifty years of age and 200 childless couples, the husbands up to fifty-five. Many countries have rejected such refugees as a burden.

▸ "Watch the World," a half-hour television program heralded as the first effort on a nationwide scale to adapt television to furthering the regular work of elementary and high schools, was broadcast by the National Broadcasting Co. as the first instalment of a regular weekly series.

▸ The Dow Chemical Company has developed a new spray to give men "fungus-free" shoes. The solution, copper 3-phenylsalicylate, can practically eliminate fungus in shoes that helps cause athlete's foot and mildew.

▸ The Rev. Maurice A. Dawkins, of New York City, recently installed as a minister of the Community Church, is the first Negro to hold that office in the church's 125-year history.

▸ Some television programs worth seeing: "Meet the Press," "Kukla, Fran, & Ollie," "Overseas Press Club," "Studio One."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

No Hitler or War

SIR: I was very impressed by Raymond Swing's brilliant article "Is History Bunk?" [*SRL* June 3], emphasizing the tremendous bearing which small events may have upon the course of history. The examples he cites are illuminating.

Perhaps Mr. Swing would be glad to learn about another instance supporting his thesis. I wrote about it ten years ago in a French weekly published in New York, *La Victoire*, which later was named *France Amérique*. Here, briefly, is the substance of my story:

Franz von Papen had one great ambition: he wanted to be German minister at Luxemburg. However, Dr. Bruening, chancellor of the Reich, thought that Von Papen was too stupid even for this job and he said so.

Thus, Von Papen, who would have been utterly happy in Luxemburg, near his estates, and who would have remained there many, many years, quite harmless, was obliged to stay in Berlin. Through subsequent subtle intrigues against Bruening he became himself chancellor of the Reich. When General Schleicher replaced him, Von Papen joined Hitler and obtained from Hindenburg—though the "Austrian corporal" had no majority in the Reichstag—Hitler's appointment as chancellor, with Papen as vice chancellor.

I am sure that Mr. Swing could describe more brilliantly than I did what "might have been" had Von Papen been sent to Luxemburg. No Chancellor Hitler, no Third Reich, no Second World War, no Russians in Berlin, and, now, no cold war!

MAX BEER.

New York, N. Y.

Victuals Orbit

SIR: And so at last *SRL* has fallen into the gastronomy orbit with "Victuals du Jour" [*SRL* Apr. 22] and I for one applaud. I read your magazine from cover to cover, no matter what you print, but, being a cookbook collector, I was particularly appreciative of that section.

But I'd like to add something to Ralph Ray's column "More Peptic P's and Q's." To my mind, there are two notable omissions: one the Richardson Wright Bedtime Books, delightful reading with many wonderful recipes interspersed, and Mary Frost Mabon's "A Meal in Itself," a little book by a discerning person of real knowledge, whose books should be on every young housekeeper's shelf.

I realize that with the present rash of cookbook writing no one could give space to a complete list. But these two books, I think, are in the gem class.

LOUISE S. CONNETT.

Smithtown, N. Y.

Birthplace, Belgium

SIR: In *SRL* May 27 on page 18 it is written, "Georges Simenon, who is now living in California and not in France, where he was born. . . ."

Simenon was born in Liège, Belgium, February 13, 1903. His early works were published in Belgium also.

JAN-ALBERT GORIS.
Belgian Govt. Inf. Center.

New York, N. Y.

"What do you suppose ever became of the discus throwers?"

Lost Letters

SIR: Having received a considerable amount of fresh material, I am preparing a new book on G. K. Chesterton of an entirely personal character.

I should be most grateful to any of your readers who would communicate with me if they have any letters of Chesterton's or stories concerning him. I have heard of the existence of several letters to the late George Tyler but have not been able to find their possessor. I have also been told of a long letter of G. K. C.'s defending himself against the charge of anti-Semitism, but my informant could not say who possessed it now or to whom it was addressed. I shall be grateful for any information.

MAISIE WARD.

New York, N. Y.

Sugar and Spice

SIR: Re: C. R. Wilmer's letter [*SRL* May 20] commenting on Harrison Smith's "The War of the Sexes" [*SRL* Apr. 22]. Ah me, Mr. Wilmer, you've thrown a log on my own personal flame of feminism. I re-signed in blood the pledge: human being first, woman second. I relooked with loving eye at my wonderful apartment, my Ford coupe, my books and records, my long, lazy Sundays, my very special friends (both male and female). I reappreciated my satisfying work and its decent salary. I re-evaluated with satisfaction my twenty-nine years and knew I had not been duped.

Dear Mr. Wilmer, yours is just the cut of man from which we "pitiable, unmarriageable women" (as you put it) will renew our strength and keep the ball rolling toward human integrity—regardless of race, creed, color, or sex. Yours is the frame of male thinking (and the women who join you) from which existing and future females of the species will take continued courage to further the ideal.

Forgive my saying so, but women as a sexual entity are not mere vessels for men's sexual drive. Men don't have the market cornered on sexual drive by a long, long shot! Little girls are made of many things—plain, old mammalian sex urge included. The "female sexual commodity" that you refer to was once our only stock in trade. That, and only that, could be traded for economic upkeep—plus the home, the children, and the husband to care for and adjust to.

Now women are offered countless avenues of economic security other than wifehood. Many of these avenues are stimulating, worth while, and remunerative. Under these conditions the same factor of demand and choice can enter into a woman's approach to marriage. When both sexes have the courage, maturity, and decency to accept equally the risks and responsibilities of their pleasures sex will wear a single face of decent reality for both men and women—and marriage will be built on better things.

In the meantime more and more women are going to become unwilling to trade off economic security, personal integrity, satisfying achievements in their work, and their own independence of thought and action. It's a pretty poor trade, you know, under the usual circumstances. A man after marriage continues his work or profession, his intellectual pursuits, etc. A woman with children forgoes most, if not all, of these privileges, to take up woman's glorified career of "hus-

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band, home, and babies." When marriage comes to mean that two people equally take up this glorified work of home, children, and one another—each maintaining his own personal integrity in the bargain—then sexual promiscuity will be undesirable for men as well as women.

Until then the hardier of the female species will not be forced into the old line by the social and sexual pressure of marriage as so staunchly represented by the Wilmers and their women. In the truth of the matter, Wilmer, both men and women have lost equally by feminism—for the time being, anyway. But the race is beginning to grow up in a thousand ways. In this particular struggle of relationship between the sexes, when finally we all face up to our human responsibilities, I believe we shall find the result was worth the struggle.

CAROLYN K. MAXWELL.

Dallas, Tex.

SIR: The modern American woman is in revolt because she is envious of the man and his role in life. She tries to imitate him in dress, in following his bad habits. She cuts her hair like a man, tries to look like a man, and merely succeeds in looking like a monstrosity. She has thrown her femininity, the strongest appealing factor to man, to the winds and wonders why men turn away from her, why they do not respect her as of old. She wants a husband, to be sure, but primarily as a work horse to provide for her caprices—ten or more pairs of shoes, that many hats, closets filled with unnecessary clothes, disregard for money and the labor that it represents. This irresponsibility is sapping the nation's strength. Since the woman is the shaper of man's and woman's character, is it any wonder that crime is on the increase, child delinquency alarmingly high, morality at a low ebb, and the percentage of men dying in the prime of life of heart attacks on the increase?

J. ANTHONY MARCUS.

Scarsdale, N. Y.

Another Happy Ending?

SIR: I read "Does Anyone Know Pinky?" [*SRL* Dec. 10] and the successful conclusion to the search with great interest. You have done a wonderful thing in renewing this contact between two friends and I do hope there will be a final story to round out the happy ending.

It occurred to me you might be able to help with the happy ending to my own story. It is not quite like Pinky's but equally as interesting, with perhaps just a tear or two more.

Elena

The story starts in 1945 in Grossetto, Italy. The setting is a bare Italian orphanage and the leading lady is a pert Italian miss, just five years old, seated in a tiny iron crib. When she peeked out from under the white MP helmet my Army escort had put on her and saw me, she raised her tiny arms and said, "*Mama Mia.*" I lifted her up and she hugged me tight and wound her love so finally into my heart that I have tried for five years to adopt her and bring her to America to raise as my own daughter. . . . But with no success.

During the war I was a USO entertainer. I traveled the Alaska Highway, out the Aleutian chain to Attu and back, to Australia and New Guinea, and finally to Italy. (I flew 175,000 miles and had seven air crashes.) And that brought me to Elena.

When I met her I was on a "Hospital Show." With an accordion player I would go to those men who could not get out of bed to see the regular shows. One day our escort asked us if we would like to visit an orphanage. I scarcely suspected that this visit would change my whole life.

After I had found Elena I began to contribute clothing and food to the orphanage for all the children during the nine months I served in Italy, and after I returned to America I sent over 500 food and clothing packages.

Last year I went back to Italy and took Elena, now ten, out of the orphanage and put her in a private home in Rome. I intended to take her back to America with me but red tape prevented it.

So now as I begin the sixth year of trying Elena is still in Rome. I have spent $3,500 to date, have filed over 127 affidavits as to my financial ability to support her under the requirements of our State Department, and have made two trips to Italy without succeeding even in getting her name on the visa waiting list. Adoption gives her no preference or priority and those with priority ratings come first.

Possibly the only way to get her here is to arouse public opinion. If enough people think it is a "shame" that a little orphan is made to stay in Rome when there is a good American home and parents who love her waiting only for the day when she may be allowed to come—then perhaps there will be a happy ending to my story, too. I have the money waiting for her TWA ticket from Rome to Los Angeles and it will be a very joyous day when I can buy that ticket.

HELEN C. PRIESTER.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Love Letters

SIR: I thoroughly agree with Mr. William Aylott Orton [*SRL* May 27] on rapid reading. Although I have purchased a great many how-to books, I shunned with a shudder any books on rapid reading.

Mortimer Adler, in his book on "How to Read a Book," said that a book should be read like a love letter: every word, every sentence, every paragraph should have the full meaning extracted from it.

Fast reading is analogous to the driver who dashes from one point to another without regard to the intervening space. This driver might just as well have not existed between the point of origin and his destination. He lived in a vacuum. Reading with speed is exactly the same; no experience is added to the fulness and richness of life.

We readers need assistance and instruction in reading but this should not be in the direction of greater speed. We want to be a selfish and a miserly lot. We do not want to waste one idea that the author offers to us.

In these days of inflation and high prices let us get 100 cents on the dollar in our reading.

MARIE EERBEEK.

Detroit, Mich.

Superficiality & Scholarship

SIR: R. W., Jr.'s comments on the Pulitzer awards [*SRL* May 13] betray the superficiality which has long characterized critics and others associated with the book trade. Sound scholarship in a work of history, whether biographical or other, is a very rare thing. The recently published books of Messrs. Bemis and Larkin meet every criterion of good scholarship.

Like all good biographers, Samuel Flagg Bemis talks about J. Q. Adams's significant accomplishments (which make him a proper subject for a biographer) and touches on his "personal biography" only as it bears on his diplomatic achievements. The result is something more durable and valuable than a book-length character sketch.

Oliver W. Larkin's book not only supplies a long-felt want in the field of art history and the broader field of American civilization but also makes strong and plausible connections between the history of American thought and the development of American art—a daring and difficult undertaking which most art historians lack the judgment and background to attempt.

The *SRL* poll winners are unacceptable as competitors for the Bemis-Larkin laurels because they are less important, both to scholars and to the general public. Kenneth P. W. Williams has written a good, readable history, but he does not bat in the same league with Larkin. As history goes, military history is a small specialized corner of the field, relatively unimportant for a general understanding of the past and of little value as a means of preparing for the future. Ralph Rusk's Emerson makes good Saturday-night reading but adds nothing at all to the growing body of knowledge explaining Emerson's thought to the modern reader. All great biographies, like Bemis's Adams, are something more than "lives."

RICHARD M. JUDD.

Cambridge, Mass.

Jews en Masse

SIR: As a Jew I would like to add a word to those written by Mr. Pittman [*SRL* Mar. 4].

I, too, object to being spoken of "en masse" and having Jews referred to as a group. We, too, are individuals who react to our environment and to circumstances as individuals. Yet these same "gentle people of prejudice" will speak of Jews as though we all felt the same on any given subject, had one political viewpoint, and reacted the same to events.

Until people the world over can learn to judge all people individually, on their own merits, we can never reach that ideal of brotherhood under God which both the Old and the New Testament teach.

BEULAH L. BRUCKHEIM.

Binghamton, N. Y.

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—From "All Men Have Loved Thee."

Fragments from a French Diary

DAVID L. COHN

PARIS HAS just been through the high season for fashion. Each designer's exhibition was a show presented as though it were the first performance of "Aïda" that the Khedive of Egypt commissioned Verdi to compose for the opening of the Suez Canal, and each was reported for the American press in a strange language that seemed a compromise between eloquence and epilepsy.

How one regrets that Marcel Proust, who concerned himself with the fashionable world of Paris, ignored its world of fashion: a pullulating microcosm whose vulgarity, pretentiousness, and incomparable tradesmen's snobbism his pen might have so terrifyingly depicted. In his day, however, the Guermantes and the Verdurins did not attend openings; nor do their counterparts to this day. Yet American democrats are titillated by a sprinkling of aristocracy about them when they buy Paris fashions, and dressmakers, eager to please the dollar-laden, people their shows with titled ladies, many of whom at other times of the year earn an honest living as members of the glittering demimondaine; while they even manage occasionally to snare a valid title from the Faubourg St. Germain, whose possessor, ancient now and poor, goes for the sake of the nourishing supper that is served after the show. Everywhere one sees the Piedmontese Princess who gaily describes herself as the "part-time mistress" of a French Minister, and the androgynous, insufferably chic Marquise who retains no trace of the Iowa accent that she brought to Paris thirty years ago.

In an era without style—evidence of the creeping barbarism of our times—fashion goes its mordant way; the heart stopped, the limbs twitching. What figures there are in fashion's gallery! The dressmakers themselves, so often half-men who design women's clothes, dripping with such unction that they could pass through a keyhole. Lady buyers from American stores with eyes that are fat spiders restless in their webs of intricate crow's feet, storing details of dresses in their instinctual minds while narrowly watching the deadpan faces of their competitors; the acquisitive and the combative in frenetic equilibrium. Gentlemen manufacturers from New York swiftly calculating how two weeks hence they can put on sale from Aransas Pass to Puyallup $39.95 copies of the $500 model that a mannequin parades before them. And fashion editors, lost duchesses of retailing, affecting to disdain the buyers, whom they exist to serve.

"Fashion," wrote Santayana, "is that margin of irresponsible variation in manners and thoughts which among a people artificially civilized may be larger than the central core."

* * *

Today the staff of the famous Hotel Meurice of Paris — *établissement de Grand Luxe*—sent a letter in English to the hotel's guests. They are largely Americans, members of that incomprehensible race who are well known to be of good heart, *toujours pressé*, slightly mad, and *tous millionaires*. After saying that the hotel management has ignored its demands for wage increases, the staff tells those it serves that for "fifty hours' work [a week] many of us—bookkeepers, cooks, linen-room employees, and so forth—receive only 11,000 to 15,000 francs a month." (Approximately $33.50 to $45.) Then it exhibits a British capacity for understatement: "Our position is not satisfactory when you compare these salaries with the cost of living." The staff's desire is to "make your stay with us as comfortable as possible, but in case our Management would persist in refusing us the desired increase, we apologize in advance for the inconvenience our dissatisfaction would cause you. . . ."

"France," my French friends said to me long ago, "is a fine country for the *patron*." It still is. Wages, whatever the increases since the war, remain miserably low in relation to prices. A French coal miner gets 12,000 francs a month (about $40), while his American counterpart gets more than $70 a *week*. I know the competent manager of a luxury shop in the Rue St. Honoré who is paid 30,000 francs a month (about $100) for his services. Since he supports a divorced wife and child he must not only remain a bachelor but eats meagerly in order to exist at all.

Not long ago fourteen thousand wretchedly underpaid Paris seamstresses—the famous *midinettes* whose skill underlies French pre-eminence in fashions—went on strike, at the height of the season, for higher wages and increased amenities. They were demanding an hourly increase of fifteen francs (about four cents). If they should get it, the wages for handy girls would be $34 a month, seamstresses $47, and a maximum of $71 for forewomen.

If it is unreasonable that *midinettes* should trouble the *patrons*' sleep by demanding higher wages, it is indefensible that they should strike at the height of the season. Yet what a truly dismaying vista would be opened if

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they, and others in the important luxury trades, should adopt the tactics of the Hotel Meurice staff and appeal to the customers over the heads of management. Imagine the scene if angry seamstresses should appear in the cubicle where Madam from Kansas City (*"Mais, Madam, vous parlez français admirablement"*) is fitting her $500 dress (165,000 francs) and shout their miseries with Gallic passion. Would Madam, remembering perhaps Marie Antoinette and the women harpies of the Revolution, fly shrieking to the United States Embassy, leaving behind her an unbought dress and an inconsolable dressmaker? Is it conceivable that we who spend those dollars that are to Europe what the brook is to the thirsty hind are about to be subjected to the supreme impertinence of having our consciences troubled by the plight of those who serve us; that, free-spending customers, we are also to be called upon to be our brother's keeper?

* * *

Recently *Le Figaro* published an interview with me in which I reiterated what has long been self-evident to the French: namely, that tourism is their greatest potential source of dollars. Almost on the same day, at a press conference in Venice, Mr. Paul Hoffman, administrator of the Marshall Plan, told the Marshall Plan countries to "encourage tourism."

Our conclusion is one to which any intelligent high-school student surveying the scene might have come. Yet it is not the less melancholy for this reason.

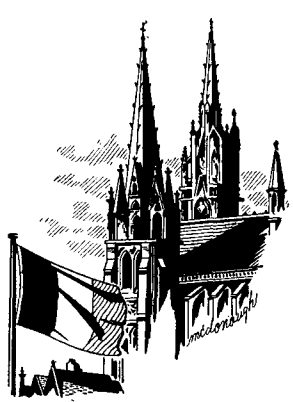
When we tell the Marshall Plan countries that tourism is of the essence we are saying to more than two hundred million of the proudest, most intelligent, and cultivated people on earth that they cannot hope to get an adequate number of dollars from us by selling us the fruits of their skills in the form of goods and services; a rational interchange that is stimulant also to their *amour propre*. They may do it, we indicate, only by exploiting their past: conducting us through their noble ruins, ancient monuments, famous museums, storied cities; purveying to us their sandy beaches, high sun, and soft airs; their wines, cheeses, and amenities. This is merely another way of saying that they may best make up their dollar deficit by taking us in as boarders. All this is rather monstrous. And it is also true.

* * *

The French pride themselves on their practicality and have therefore a sneaking admiration for us because of our ingenious gadgets. *"C'est pratique ça!"* they say with gleaming eyes when shown one of them. Yet they are a race old and wise and so knowing that unalloyed practicality must in the end lead to a coarsening of the spirit; they have their escapes into fantasy. Among them is that complicated utensil known as *le café filtre*; the chambered tin can attached to the coffee cup. In theory it will produce a freshly made cup of coffee as hot water drips over the coffee, but since it rarely works the drinker is faced with two unhappy alternatives. He may wait until the coffee filters downward into his cup, by which time it is cold. Or he may, in frustrated rage, shake it up to speed the process, thereby either burning his hand or spilling the liquid upon his clothes. Sometimes, in his frenzied desperation, the unwise tourist may call the waiter, an act which, to be effective, requires as much skill and patience as calling a New Brunswick moose within rifle range. The hardened traveler, therefore, leaves his money on the table and goes elsewhere to drink unaccustomed tea.

Yet *le café filtre* has its uses. It is a salutary introduction, by way of humility of the spirit, to the French telephone. This is France's supreme contribution to the almost lost art of circumlocution.

The process of humbling the proud begins when you pick up the receiver to hear nothing for a long time except clickings and strange sounds reminiscent of the thoracic drummings of summer cicadas. Then the operator says, *"Oui"*; you say "Gambetta 0401," and your troubles begin. *"Comment?"* she asks. "Gambetta 0401." *"Ah, Gambetta zero quatre zero un,"* she says, and you reply, *"Oui,"* and she says, *"Ne quittez pas, Monsieur."*



You hang on. You beguile the tedium of waiting by tidying your room a bit, gathering soiled clothes to send to the laundry, trying to remember the name of the restaurant on the Quai Malaquais that you liked so much on your last trip to Paris. Ultimately, wearied and frustrated, you hang up and take a nip of the whiskey you brought from the States.

Fifteen minutes later, rested and optimistic, you begin again. "Gambetta 0401," you say. "Ah, Monsieur," replies the operator with evident astonishment in her voice, *"Vous voulez Gambetta zero quatre zero un?" "Oui,"* you tell her. Then she gives you respite, if not hope, by saying, *"Raccrochez, Monsieur. Je vous rappelle."* You hang up and talk to the *femme de chambre*, whom you insist go about her work although she continues to apologize for her intrusion. She is life in a dead world, animation upon a sphere inanimate. You talk and she tells you that another maid was told by an American woman guest of the hotel that during the heat wave in the United States tens of thousands of people fell dead upon the streets. You tell her, national pride crowding truth to the wall, that it is perhaps true. It would be unbecoming for the world's most powerful country to have a measly little heat wave that kills only a few people. *"Ah, le chaleur,"* Madam whispers in a note of resigned weariness that embraces all of nature's aberrations ranging from American tourists to high temperatures.

A half-hour has now passed, not unpleasantly, and you are left to loneliness and the telephone with the maid's departure. You ask the operator if she would try again to get Gambetta 0401, and she repeats the number when you tell her that, of all the numbers in the Paris directory, you want only that one, the remainder being, for the moment at least, irrelevant to your purposes. One knows by the way in which she says, *"Parfaitement, Monsieur,"* that she is deeply sympathetic with your aims, an impression heightened when, after ten minutes, she rings to say that, although the number does not respond, she will call you. Wise now and chastened, you relax upon the bed within reach of the telephone, and when it finally rings you jump up to talk. *"Les lignes sont en derangement, Monsieur,"* says the operator and you go out into the street to get a taxicab and deliver your message in person.

Many of my countrymen traveling in France are driven to moods of black desperation by the telephone, spoiled children of American efficiency that they are. I do not share their bitterness, not only because this gives rise more to an overflow of adrenalin than to telephonic communication but also because I have found the French telephone a valuable adjunct to education, a stimulant to intellectual pursuits. Without it I should never have known the delights of reading, in the Tauchnitz edition, "Memoirs of the Crowned Heads of Europe," the novels of Ouida, Mrs. Gaskell, Maria Edgeworth, and that neglected masterpiece "The Death of My Aunt," by C. H. B. Kitchin, while waiting for my number.

What other country can boast of an instrument of communication that, besides serving its primary purpose in its whimsical way, is also salutary for

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humbling the proud spirit and elevating the mind?

* * *

Numerous revolutions are going on simultaneously in France, but not the least significant of these is in progress at Chartres. This town of the glorious cathedral lies in a rich agricultural section and there last week peasant women, digging into their stockings—the famous *bas de laine* that for so many generations have contained a large part of French wealth—bought four American washing machines. The significance of this lies not only in the fact that it marks an almost incredible rift in French peasant ways but in the acceptance of American ways.

The case was well put by an English worker who, returning to England from a tour of American industrial centers, said: "Europe kills men. America kills machines."

* * *

If it is true that familiarity breeds contempt, it is also true that, as history reveals, contempt breeds familiarity. In order to be a member in good standing of the extreme Right or extreme Left, one must have a corrosive contempt for a large part of humanity. It is this familiarity of contempt that, in part, accounts for the solidarity between the fanatics of Right and Left and endows their members with a passionate camaraderie. But this is also an unhappy aspect of humanity that has often been exhibited by orthodox members of organized religions. As members of the One True Faith revealed alone to them by that God who is also Father of All, they are contemptuous of those who do not share it, are drawn together in tribal solidarity and, contempt being half-brother to hatred, are moved to persecute those who are outside the pale of revealed truth.

All this one sees clearly in uneasy France. The peasant contempt for the chateau, the Communist contempt for the middle-class and democrats, the Fascist contempt for Communists and Democrats. Here, however, political passions fanned by waves of contempt become peculiarly dangerous because of an obvious split in the French national character. It is that, while few peoples are so deeply conservative as the French, so opposed to change, and so wedded to their old ways, few are so eager to vote radically.

* * *

It is unlikely, in my opinion, that France would fight more than half-heartedly if there should be a third world war. It is not that the French are cowardly or unintelligent. It is that they are profoundly wearied by a thousand years of war, a weariness that drugs the soul and stays the flesh. If this is difficult for us to comprehend, it is nonetheless comprehensible.

Some years ago, an Indian botanist found that a flower when struck with a pencil responded to the blow by an involuntary reflex. But when struck repeatedly it responded no more, not even when its leaves fell and its stem was shattered.

* * *

In theory the Marshall Plan is dedicated to the proposition that it is salutary for the United States to help other countries to become self-supporting. In actuality, however, this is repugnant to us. We prefer to support them rather than to permit them to become self-supporting if this should involve taking their goods in exchange for ours.

The wines of France, its perfumes, laces, gloves, handkerchiefs, handbags, and other luxury products are still subject to high American tariffs that impede their flow to our shores. Better a France mendicant aided by our capricious bounty than one that might support itself by competing with the fifty- and hundred-year-old infant industries of the world's richest country, a country, moreover, where allegedly competition is the life of trade.

* * *

In all the fashionable restaurants of Paris one sees members of a new group of French millionaires: former collaborationists with the Germans, black-market operators, thieves who operated with thieves of the American Army to acquire fortunes in the form of stolen Army supplies. They look uneasy in these unaccustomed surroundings, but they order lavishly of the finest foods and wines, their tips are large, and—a franc is a franc. The while, many a former man of the Resistance and many a brave soldier eats his bitter bread in bleakness. How poignant that sad little song of the Shropshire Lad:

> Let us endure a little while
> And see injustice done.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

BOATS AND WHATNOT

Grace Hoster, of Blackfoot, Idaho, offers twenty quotations which mention various types of boats. Allowing five points for each one you can identify, a score of sixty is nautical, seventy is lyrical, and eighty or better is positively poetical. Answers on page 31.

1. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand .....?
2. The Owl and the Pussycat went to sea
   In a beautiful pea-green .....
3. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
   Ten thousand ..... sweep over thee in vain.
4. Come you back to Mandalay, where the old ..... lay.
5. The moon was a ghostly ..... tossed upon cloudy seas.
6. It was the ..... Hesperus.
7. Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
   And the mate of the Nancy .....
8. Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night sailed off in a .....
9. When a band of exiles moored their .....
   On a wild New England shore.
10. Dirty British ..... with salt-caked smokestack.
11. Drake he's in his hammock till the great ..... come.
12. Far-called, our ..... melt away.
13. While follow eyes the steady keel, the ..... grim and daring.
14. Their heads are green and their hands are blue,
    And they went to sea in a .....
15. Helen, thy beauty is to me like those Nicaean ..... of yore.
16. The ..... flitteth silken-sailed skimming down to Camelot.
17. And we left the crew of the ..... to chew
    The bark of the rubagut tree.
18. Long through the weary crowds I roam;
    A river- ..... on the ocean brine.
19. The ..... she sat in, like a burnished throne,
    Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold.
20. For I dipt into the future, as far as human eye could see ....
    Saw the heavens fill with commerce, ... of magic sails.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 15)

signed to be protector to a new student, Deborah Lane. This Dee, as beautiful as Alida is plain, is no better adjusted. In fact, the entire school is singularly unhappy in its general effect and the dismal atmosphere is well calculated to foster the morbid idea of rejection.

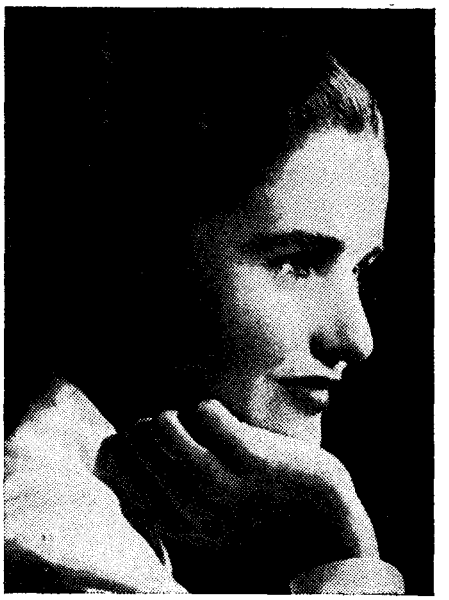
The headmistress is a feminine counterpart of Dickens's schoolmasters but the art teacher is sympathetic and anxious to encourage Alida's talent for painting. That this sympathy, involving great patience and the sacrifice of precious leisure time, is alternately scorned or taken for granted, is a common enough adolescent phase: in Alida's case it is more than ordinarily tragic since her acceptance would mean all she needs for escape.

However, her friendship with Dee progresses through a nightmarish series of events which are sketched in like bad dreams: Alida sitting in moral judgment upon Dee; Dee denying Alida when the latter is accused of arson; the love affair of Dee, ending in her suicide.

Fires continue to be set—the evidence that a pyromaniac is enrolled is treated by the faculty with astonishing nonchalance—and eventually the school is burned to the ground. Alida, beginning to form a friendship with her father, is also ready to find release in creative work. The shadow of the bridge, which her art teacher has urged her to discover, begins to take form. It is the bridge leading back from the seclusion and numbness conferred by a state of loneliness, suffering, and pain to the world of participation and living.

Miss Barton succeeds to a remarkable degree in capturing the bewilderment and anger of the girl who is a victim of her own bitterness. The dark portrait of Alida emerges clearly against the background of fury and futility, pathetic weapons of stubborn resentment and young, hurt pride. Alida is terrifying, too, in her indifference to existence except it serve her as a looking glass.

Unfortunately, in her absorption with internal conflicts the author neglects important externals. The whole structure of her story suffers from a lack of definiteness. Cragmere, the school, fails to focus and the students, except for the two main characters, are little more than wraiths. The reader is never quite certain when he has established contact with reality, and in consequence the effort required to follow Alida through is sometimes exhausting.



Betsey Barton — "through a psychological labyrinth."

—Bob Forester.

Eleanor Cameron — "for those tired of the neurotic."

24 Hours with One of the Givers

THE UNHEARD MUSIC. By Eleanor Cameron. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 278 pp. $3.

By Pamela Taylor

A REAL world, small but comprehensible, whose atmosphere is palpable, whose characters live and, while we share their lives, concern us deeply, has been created in this distinguished first novel. Mrs. Cameron tells the story of twenty-four crucial hours in the development of Jane Fielding, tells it so convincingly that the bells which mark out those important hours, the wind which harries the California city where she lives, the smells of the library where she works, the problems of her associates, weave a universe-in-miniature which absorbs and intrigues.

At thirty Jane Fielding was lovely to look at, one of those women destined to go through life with a host of friends, having a gift for communication and an outgoing interest in her fellow human beings. Victim for years of an aunt who had raised selfishness to a fine art, she had been freed of the incubus by death, but too late to prevent the break-up of her intense love affair with Michael, the brilliant young painter to whom she had been engaged. Suddenly in one wind-swept October day a new phase of her life began. A series of events, all concerning her friends but through them influencing her, set her life on a new course. With adroit handling these events become part of the fabric of a day in the library, interwoven with the personality clashes of the workers, the demands of the public, the habitués, the casual visitors, the wise and capable spirit of the head of the library, who establishes the over-all tone of the institution but, like her assistants, has her own personal and private problems.

Jane Fielding is drawn as a woman who, brilliant and bookish though she is, primarily is linked and always will be with people, one of the givers of this world. All the happenings of the twenty-four hours which the book chronicles impinge first on her friends but almost as importantly on her. The sorrow, the perplexity, the pleasure, and the intense self-examination which they bring her inevitably make her face the fact that she has come to an important turning in her life's road. On the one hand lies loneliness. Another possibility opens unexpectedly before her but to anyone of her temperament it is an impossible solution. The third path, and the one which, as the book closes, we may rest assured she will take, leads not to rapture but quite possibly to something more serene, more enduring, and ultimately finer.

Because Mrs. Cameron is writing of people whose integrity, emotional depth, and—among their peers—human importance she is able to establish convincingly, she makes of this, her first novel, a story which holds the reader's interest and enlists his sympathy. Recommended for those who are tired of the neurotic, the perverse, and the ultra-thin-skinned, and who would like to read about a group of people they'd enjoy as friends for a change.

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Fiction Notes

THE THIRSTY OAK, by Janet Becker. Coward-McCann. $3. Another tree that needs watering, with words, words, words in this case, as often as any energetic novelist smitten with the Victorian treatment sees fit. Characters jostle and jerk through the maze of plot. Time shuttles to and fro. Orphans suffer endless abuse. Wives submit to overbearing husbands, while our hero's paternity hangs in the balance and romance ends in destruction. There's evil afoot and dirty dealing. Death comes suddenly, sometimes making for sorrow, sometimes for convenience, but always at the right moment to enable Miss Becker to get on with the story. Fortune's wheel spins with the proper prejudice and drama has its long day.

Surface substance, dimly derivative.

THE DOG STAR, by Donald Windham. Doubleday. $2.50. Record-breaking heat in the squalor of a Georgia town. The rains do eventually come but havoc has by then been wrought. Lonely, teen-age fugitive from a reform school, Blackie Pride looks homeward. His best friend, revered for his toughness, has established his uncontested strength of will through suicide. It is Blackie's dream to pattern himself on this personality, abolishing weakness after weakness. This dream must destroy him. He drinks; he smokes, gambles, brawls, and sleeps with all available girls. And as a last act of assertion, he is driven to shoot himself through the temple.

An acute document on that slovenly segment of society at the moment associated with the South. Parched, dusty, and more often than not avoidably intimate.

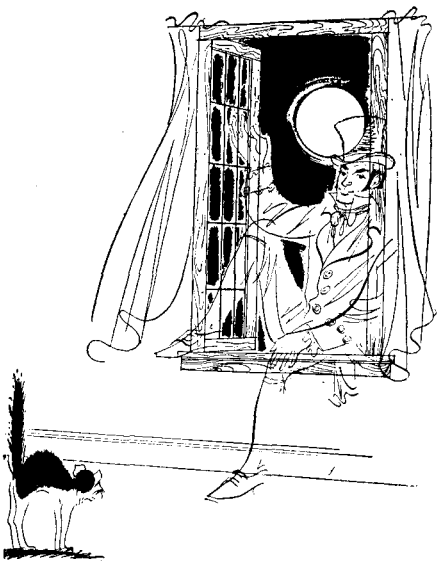
TONOPAH LADY, by Zola Ross. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. A red-headed charmer, daughter of a couple of dedicated troupers, tries to forsake the theatre for what looms as security. Frying pan into the fire motif. Her husband turns out to be a bigamist as well as a questionable operator. Her child has only a semblance of a last name. So, having faced our early mining frontiers, lived the rugged as well as the mansion life, succored the sick in plague-infested outposts, she once again turns to grease paint and gaslight. P.S. She wows the West; when last seen is turning to Eastern stardom and the welded life of make-believe made attractive by her fiery director. You can't buck the buskin, after all.

Replete with theatre terminology, held entrances, and staged scenes. No intermission.

CLOAK OF LAUGHTER, by May Mellinger. Putnam's. $2.75. Subtitled "A Novel of San Francisco." But why pin all this on any one city? If what Miss Mellinger asks us to believe happened, why then we must be willing to believe it could happen anywhere. Two young men meet in a jail after a night out. One is a bastard with a lingering intent to kill his unknown father; the other is a wastrel of such immense charm that all the girls adore him and men are willing to die for him. The charmer involves two nice girls, marries one, trends towards alcoholism, and is finally salvaged by his vagrant but fundamentally worthwhile father. He, it turns out, is just the man our other hero, now happily married though still eager for vengeance, has been seeking all these years. However, everyone sees the light and life gallantly dons a "cloak of laughter."

The Depression heightens the struggle. Middle-class Oakies splatter the boulevards and attic amours. Oversentimentalized sensationalism.

DEAR GUEST AND GHOST, by Sylvia Dee. Macmillan. $2.75. As an antidote to loneliness, as a bulwark against advancing years, and as a priceless morale-builder, there is nothing like a gentlemanly ghost in



—From the jacket of "Dear Guest and Ghost."

attendance on the ladies. Take the case of dear, dim-witted Mrs. Helmakobbler, wife to a tawdry traveling toothpaste salesman, mother of a son wallowing in the most advanced stage of adolescence and a librarian daughter so steeped in the stacks that her every word comes out a quote. Mrs. H. can bake a cake. She can sew a seam and sing a song. But she needs a friend. She finds one in the body of Leicester, a spirit of elegance, wisdom, and understanding. Two subconscious minds meet as one. Equipped with supernatural know-how, he furnishes the daughter with a husband, throttles the salesman's more colorful stories, launches the boy on an artistic career, and remains constant even in Minneapolis.

Gay, amusing, deliciously jaunty.

A WASHINGTON STORY, by Jay Deiss. Duell, Sloan. $3. The witch hunt is on. Useless to say it can't happen here. It's a fact and it's ugly and it's frightening and it eats like wormwood into our souls. Mr. Deiss transposes the daily headlines into novel form. An unhappy Washington Government worker, wife to a drunken, bigoted Southerner, finds herself subpoenaed, accused of Communism, and driven from her job. Worse follows. Facts are misrepresented flagrantly. Questions are put, demanding distorted answers. Opinion turns against her. Friends depart; she loses her daughter to her deserting husband, who turns out to have sown the seeds of lies in her case. Love, in the person of her lawyer, proves some sop to sorrow, but at the last we leave her behind bars on Ellis Island, unable to prove her citizenship, facing deportation.

Accusing and everlastingly shameful, despite its awkward, often cheap, writing.

—Catherine Meredith Brown.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 366

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 366 will be found in the next issue.

CAKF AGME NPFPOB

KDO FG HGRKLPN

FDPQOB SDOKF

QGGTB KDO FG FAO

CKHLODPHS BGWMB GX

ROH. —CGGLQODDE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 365

If you think that to grow a beard is to acquire wisdom, a goat is at once a complete Plato.

—Lucian.

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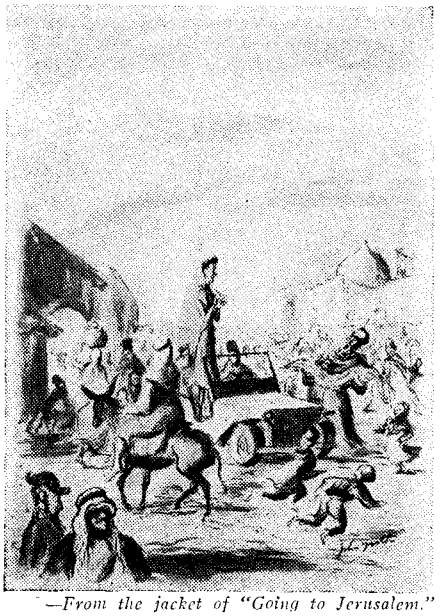
surrendering on various occasions to the blandishments and pressures of antiplanners in England, the British Commonwealth, and the United States. He writes persuasively on the pitfalls of devaluation (much that he predicted when he wrote last September has since come true) and he argues strongly against the kind of economic integration now being pushed for Europe by the ECA.

Mr. Balogh is not an Anglo-isolationist nor an embittered Socialist who gags over the fact that his country is surviving by reason of capitalistic ERP dollars. In fact, he reserves high praise for the original conception of the Marshall Plan and American generosity. What bothers him is that current economic tendencies are, he thinks, leading to disaster. These may close the "dollar gap" but only at the "cost of social injustice"—unemployment and reduced living standards. To avoid this he recommends we all reread General Marshall's proposals and attempt to follow them, and that Britain and her laggard Labor politicians try to recover the initiative in pulling the Continent from its economic morass.

This analysis has undoubtedly been pondered, maybe wistfully, in Whitehall. It should also be studied in Washington. And because "The Dollar Crisis" states a viewpoint little heard on this side of the water, in a prose style several cuts above what we normally receive from professional economists, it is worth the attention of interested citizens. That is, anyone willing to stand up against its toughness is in for some provocative and surprising reading sessions.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Ships. Marlowe: "Faustus." 2. Boat. Lear: "The Owl and the Pussycat." 3. Fleets. Byron: "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." 4. Flotilla. Kipling: "Mandalay." 5. Galleon. Noyes: "The Highwayman." 6. Schooner. Longfellow: "The Wreck of the Hesperus." 7. Brig. Gilbert: "Yarn of the Nancy Bell." 8. Wooden Shoe. Field: "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod." 9. Bark. Hemans: "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." 10. Coaster. Masefield: "Cargoes." 11. Armadas. Newbolt: "Drake's Drum." 12. Navies. Kipling: "Recessional." 13. Vessel. Whitman: "O Captain, My Captain!" 14. Sieve. Lear: "The Jumblies." 15. Barks. Poe: "To Helen." 16. Shallop. Tennyson: "The Lady of Shallot." 17. Bark. Carryl: "A Nautical Ballad." 18. Ark. Emerson: "Goodbye." 19. Barge: Shakespeare: "Antony and Cleopatra." 20. Argosies. Tennyson: "Locksley Hall."



—From the jacket of "Going to Jerusalem."

Palestine's Arab DP's

GOING TO JERUSALEM. By Willie Snow Ethridge. New York: Vanguard Press. 313 *pp.* $3.50.

By MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

MRS. ETHRIDGE is an ex-newspaperwoman who married the publisher of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, had four children, and has recently traveled in Greece and written a book about it. Now she has written this book on Palestine, which she visited when her husband was the U. S. representative on the United Nations Palestine Conciliation Commission.

"Going to Jerusalem" begins as if she had intended it to be one of those funny books about foreign travel which Americans have too often written. Or as if from being a sound reporter she thought she had to graduate to writing the kind of cute, arch, slightly gushy travel features often printed on the woman's page of a small-city newspaper.

Yet in spite of that Mrs. Ethridge's own good sense and accurate observation shine through the often clumsy descriptions, so that you see the terraced mountains and the orchards and the rocky deserts and the barren hills. More than that, under the impact of the very real problems which she met in Palestine for the first time, her archness becomes grimness and her writing turns into able reporting.

The story she shocked herself by discovering was that of the dreadful and still unsolved plight of the Arab refugees, who fled or were defeated in the Jewish conquest of Palestine. Mrs. Ethridge, like the great majority of us in America, is in great sympathy with the whole idea and purpose of the establishment of Israel. It has seemed to us all the splendid culmination of an age-old drama or at least part of a great, inevitable development and unfolding.

But her admiration for the courage, endurance, self-sacrifice, and wonderful energy of the Jewish people did not prevent her from seeing that great injustice is still being done the Arab refugees. The Arab League, as far as I can tell from this book, has done little about their own people. Thousands and thousands of them, women and children and old men and the men left after the battles and retreats, are still cooped up in the misery of refugee camps, fed and cared for inadequately by relief money from the United Nations and possibly the Quakers.

These people have received no reparations or indemnities for lands from which they fled, for farms and groves that have been theirs for centuries. There seems to be no place now for them to go where they can make a living. They have become a part of that still large body of displaced persons, the misery of which Europe and Asia have known too well for too many involved and warring centuries.

There is no reason why one cannot be fully aware of the plight of these people and their need for relief and justice and, at the same time, be glad that Israel has brought such faith and energy to the solution of her own problems. Now that she is a nation she can be called on to accord justice to others because of all people hers have been the most familiar with injustice. The chief tragedy of the Palestinian Arabs is that they were in the way of one of those inevitable mass movements of history which occur from time to time in the face of almost insuperable odds. They are in much the same plight as the American Indian. We cannot give the country back to them but at least we must see to it that justice, at long last, be done.

World Notes

THE SOCIAL COSTS OF PRIVATE ENTERPRISE, by K. William Kapp. Harvard University Press. $4.50. A jargon-laden but almost—though not quite—revolutionary assault on traditional economic thinking of the kind that praises private enterprise to the skies and offhandedly absolves it of all sin. Wasting no time on preliminary skirmishes that might feel out the soft spots, the author flatly condemns the main body of modern economic theory for ignoring, in its speculations on the virtues of the marketplace, the enormous costs which private enterprisers

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shift onto the back of society. In fact, so heavy are these costs—which include losses sustained from the wearing out of humans, air and water pollution, soil depletion and deforestation, unemployment, monopolistic arrangements, and the like—that, suggests Mr. Kapp, economic thought is hopelessly distorted by its refusal to consider them as central or "truly economic" factors. Quite convincingly he argues that, in the over-all, the depreciation of human labor should be accounted for just as completely as we account for the depreciation of factory machinery. In this context also his revival of the old heresy that technological unemployment represents an actual loss to individuals and society makes good sense. So, too, does his discussion of the frustration of science by patent restrictions and the scarcity of funds for research.

In short, Mr. Kapp's challenging thesis cuts right to the bone on numerous contemporary problems. What he proposes is nothing less than a total rearrangement of our economic philosophy, beginning with some ardent soul-searching for new assumptions on the part of the philosophers—namely, our professional economists. His new system of economic organization wouldn't be Socialism; but under its dispensation businessmen and accountants would have every reason to be worried. An important and provocative book.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SOCIALISM, by Leo Huberman. Lear. $3. Having designed his book to sell Socialism as a popular bread-and-butter ideology, Mr. Huberman (who in the past has successfully sold readers on labor unions and American economic history) comes forward with a breezy, readable sales talk but ruins his sale by putting the wrong—or left—foot through the door. For he equates Socialism with Marxism and thus loses all chance for the kind of maneuver that might elbow him into the reader's confidence had he taken the right-footed approach—that is, the evolutionary Socialism of Britain and the Scandinavian countries. As a result, this author-salesman finds himself in an unpromising position. Not only is his Marxist analysis of capitalism's faults suspect on its own but as applied to the "mixed economy" of today his traditional Marxian criticisms sometimes look a trifle uninformed and not a little naive. For example, the unequal distribution of income, about which Mr. Huberman naturally says some strong words, is amenable to correction by taxation and a spreading around of welfare-state benefits—two capitalistic expedients which he ignores. Furthermore, when he cites Soviet Russia as Socialism's most satisfied customer, Mr. Huberman arouses anything but a keeping-up-with-the-Joneses spirit here. Soviet Socialist planning, he argues, proved itself by turning out the war goods whereby the Red Army throttled Nazi Germany, but, for that matter, so did America's muscle-bound capitalism, and in greater abundance. And when you bring up under the heading of "freedom," as this book does, those FBI dossiers and the unbalanced partisanship of our press as evidence of the capitalist terror, what about the Russian MVD's files and Soviet censorship of science and the arts and —aw, skip it. Just mark it "No Sale."

THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT, by Kenneth Mackenzie. Penguin Books. 25¢. Probably a bit too intensive for the hurried reader of headlines and those Americans who know how to solve Britain's current political stalemate without knowing anything about Britain, this little book reviews Parliament's historical development and focuses the meaning of that 700-odd-year story on Parliament as it is today. Though he wrote before the recent elections, Mr. Mackenzie has managed to infuse into his pages a combined sense of history and relevancy. And these provide some badly needed supplementary background to daily news reports on the hairline divisions in Commons between Laborites and Conservatives.

A permanent employee of Parliament, the author not only writes authoritatively, he writes well. His explanations are clear, his anecdotes crisp, and his language quietly urbane. His over-all point of view is contained in a quotation from Lord Acton:

> The one thing that saved England from the fate of other countries was not her insular position nor the independent spirit nor the magnanimity of her people—for we have been proud of the despotism we obeyed under the Tudors and not ashamed of the tyranny we exercised in our dependencies—but only the consistent, uninventive, stupid fidelity to that political system which originally belonged to all nations that traversed the ordeal of feudalism.

Not the least credit should go to Penguin Books for making this, an original edition, available at its usual bargain prices. —P.R.L.

CANADA, edited by George W. Brown. United Nations Series. University of California Press. $6.50. This

Lincoln Memorial

By Ulrich Troubetzkoy

THE FLESH made bronze and tranquil, housed at last
in marble's chill serenity, the shape
of the myth-bringer; the conundrum caged
in monumental legend past escape.
The blood was washed out many rains ago
from the pale-watered Chickamauga Creek.
The wide-eyed dead of Shiloh have gone back
to the unpitying earth and none now speak
with clicking keys across the open wire
of Corinth, Vicksburg, Island Number Ten.
The tourists gape at Sumter and Fort Hell
and the scorched cities have climbed tall again.
When long trains wail through prairied Illinois,
do the bones stir and listen? Can this bronze
see flower-pelted soldiers coming home,
the stricken eyes of mutilated sons?
Owl Creek, Stone River and the Seven Days
are briefly fabled names in solemn books,
and sluiced through all the sifting gates of time
Bull Run becomes an epic bleeding brook.
They picnic now on slopes at Gettysburg
and on the springtime flanks of Kenesaw;
they plow rich furrows by Antietam Creek
and redbud blooms along the Chickasaw.
Tableau of anguish, somber, scriptural,
sorrowing bronze in marble loneliness:
for three doomed generations, wasted young,
and for dark millions, he is comfortless.

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symposium on our Northern neighbor marks the tenth volume to appear in the United Nations Series, for which Robert J. Kerner acts as general editor. Like other units in the series, it is something between a history and a handbook with the emphasis falling heavily on the contemporary scene. Twenty-six carefully chosen and highly competent authorities contribute twenty-four chapters (two of which have dual authorship) and the result is a composite survey of Canadian affairs from many angles. The chapters are arranged under six major headings: "Setting," "Historical Background," "Economy," "Political and Constitutional Scene," "Social and Cultural Institutions," and "External Relations." The most notable factor in Canadian economy, the rapid speed-up of industrialization intensified by World War II, receives due recognition. It has broken down Canadian isolationism and forced Canadians to think in terms of a foreign policy. Canada has "reached maturity in international affairs," and a sense of national and international responsibility (where political, economic, and diplomatic problems are concerned) is evolving rapidly. But no autochthonous culture has yet emerged; cultural development remains "imitative and unoriginal" and "there is not yet a well-defined pattern based on a common tradition." The impact of the United States on Canadian culture is unquestionably the most powerful external influence today but "admiration for British cultural tastes is . . . still basic in English-speaking Canada."

—GEOFFREY BRUUN.

THE REASONABLE LIFE, by Clifford Gessler. John Day. $2.75. The author of this book is the music and dance editor of the Oakland, California, *Tribune.* Some years ago, while working on a newspaper in Honolulu, he had an opportunity to accompany an ethnological expedition under the auspices of the Bishop Museum into the islands of Southeastern Polynesia. On two of these islands, Tepuka and Tepoto, he lived for a time. To say that he was enchanted by the Polynesians is to put it mildly. As he describes his sojourn there it becomes apparent that the island life is a near-paradise to him. Here, he suggests, can be found answers to all of the tensions and strains and conflicts of contemporary civilization. The Polynesian primitives, so mild, so reasonable, and so serene, have lessons to teach us all in our striving to attain peace of mind or peace of soul. The book obviously makes no contribution to anthropology. The repetition of small exhortations such as, for example, "We need to cultivate a sense of proportion," and, "Let us not be discouraged by imperfection," is more than a little tiresome. But on its own level, as a kind of combination travel and "self-help" book, it is a not uninteresting account of some of the folkways of Polynesia.

—ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE, screen play by Ben Maddow and John Huston, from a novel by W. R. Burnett; directed and produced by Mr. Huston for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Dix Handley ..... Sterling Hayden
Alonzo D. Emmerich ..... Louis Calhern
Doll Conovan ..... Jean Hager
Gus Ninissi ..... James Whitmore
Doc Erwin Riedenschnieder ..... Sam Jaffe
Police Commissioner Hardy ..... John McIntire
Cobby ..... Marc Lawrence
Lieut. Ditrich ..... Barry Kelley
Louis Ciavelli ..... Anthony Caruso
Maria Ciavelli ..... Teresa Celli
Angela Phinlay ..... Marilyn Monroe
Timmons ..... William Davis
May Emmerich ..... Dorothy Tree
Bob Brannom ..... Brad Dexter
Dr. Swanson ..... John Maxwell

THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER, screen play by Anthony Pelissier; directed by Mr. Pelissier and produced by John Mills; presented by J. Arthur Rank and distributed by Universal-International.

Hester Grahame ..... Valerie Hobson
Paul Grahame ..... John Howard Davies
Oscar Cresswell ..... Ronald Squire
Bassett ..... John Mills
Richard Grahame ..... Hugh Sinclair
Mr. Tsaldouris ..... Charles Goldner
Nannie ..... Susan Richards
The Bailiff ..... Cyril Smith
"Bowler Hat" ..... Anthony Hollies
Matilda ..... Melanie McKenzie
Joan ..... Caroline Steer

JOHN HUSTON'S new film, "The Asphalt Jungle," is naturalistic, taut, superb entertainment. It has all of the bite, the power, the controlled brilliance of the man who made "The Maltese Falcon" and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre." It makes no compromise with the violence, corruption, and Janus-faced moral standards indigenous to a metropolis. "The Asphalt Jungle" is about a big-time gem robbery—a "caper," as the underworld jargon has it. The theft is meticulously planned by a convict fresh from prison, a high-I.Q. type known, revealingly, as "Doc." The mental master coolly and daringly executes the adventure with the assistance of one safe-cracker and one muscle-man. A respectably crooked lawyer, who has the function of disposing of the take, tries a double-cross. It fails and retribution comes to all who deserve it—to some violently, to others legally. Just before the final footage an unglamorous (even as you and I) police commissioner makes the novel point that city life is a jungle and that while some officials are crooked the majority are straight-thinking servants of the public, who manage to keep the jungle sufficiently in hand so that its dwellers may go about their business with a reasonable amount of security.

Into this expert mixture go the unbeatable craftsmanship of Mr. Huston and perfect performances by Sam Jaffe, Louis Calhern, Sterling Hayden (who shows some welcome stuff working for a knowing director)—indeed, by the entire cast. There is tight suspense from the opening shot to the final fade-out: in fact, it's held so rigidly throughout the picture that occasionally the audience tittered when they weren't supposed to—from sheer need for release.

To the further credit of Mr. Huston, Ben Maddow, his screen-play collaborator—and let us not forget W. R. Burnett, who merely wrote the original novel—"The Asphalt Jungle" does dig a little deeper below conventional criminal stereotypes. The safe-cracker carries photographs of his child, just like any other American dad, and he worries about the youngster's cold. The hoodlum's life of crime is traced sketchily to a boyhood family disaster. Doc's lecherous fascination for pin-ups and a jiving, teenage sweater-girl isn't clinically spelled out but no doubt that could be traced to an unfortunate weaning experience. The driver of the get-away car has a physical deformity. And so it goes—down the list of anti-social behavior patterns, with varying degrees of psychological credibility.

When you leave the darkened theatre, however, and come again into the real, sunlit, asphalt jungle of Broadway, your excited emotions quickly settle and your mind picks up where it left off before you bought your ticket.

* * *

"The Rocking Horse Winner," on the other hand, the D. H. Lawrence story filmed by Anthony Pelissier, is another matter. This is a tale of an English lad whose mother worships money. But father is a failure; he can't make money. He can't make money because he isn't lucky. To win mother's approval, therefore, you have to be lucky. The boy strikes up a mystical relationship with a rocking-horse, which pays off in sure-fire tips on the races. With the help of the family batman he builds up a sizable fortune and feeds mother's hunger for pounds — the barrel-head variety — she all unknowing of the source. But the more mother gets the more she spends and wants, and the unhappy house continues to whisper, in the boy's disturbed mind, its narcotic need insistently. In the end the mind breaks—the boy dies—and the mother awakens to the tragic realization of her idolatrous sacrifice.

Here we have far less tension than in "The Asphalt Jungle." Indeed, the film shows the strain of stretching the short story into a full-length feature. The performances are adequate—no more: even John Howard Davies, who plays the boy, is not especially winning and rather a bit grown-up, it seems, to be riding rocking-horses. The film begins very slowly and runs into many tedious spots. While the direction is sensitive, imaginative, as well as characteristically understated in the British manner, it lacks the thrust and impact of "The Asphalt Jungle." And yet—in terms of A. N. Whitehead's "fertilization of the soul," his criterion for a work of art—"The Rocking Horse Winner" may be a better film. For when

—From "The Rocking Horse Winner."

". . . stimulation, fertilization at work."

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you leave the sedately dark Park Avenue Theatre and come again into the elegant sunlight that glints off the Ritz Towers you cannot quickly shake off the mood into which you have been cast. The picture, as the copy-writers put it, "haunts" you. Several of the New York critics in their reviews the next morning mentioned this *disturbing* quality. This indicates that there is stimulation, fertilization at work. One cannot resist thinking about the universals involved—about the personality geared to the drive for money as against the individual oriented towards people and a concern for their needs and growth.

Box-officewise "The Asphalt Jungle" may show a better record in *Variety* than "The Rocking Horse Winner." Nevertheless, I suggest that the English film will stay with the customers longer and that the fertilization will have some value. For—if we may finish with more of Whitehead—"The great art is more than a transient experience. It is something which adds to the permanent richness of the soul's self-attainment. It justifies itself both by its immediate enjoyment and also by its discipline of the inmost being — it transforms the soul into the permanent realization of values extended beyond its former self."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

The Toad

By Virginia Esterly Dunbar

UNDER some crumpled leaf there lies
A dusty toad that waits my child.
Some morning when she goes afield
Leaf-gathering with pail aswing
The singing toad will call her here,
The leaf will turn, and there beneath
Swart and brown as harrowed sod,
Horn-ridged, crab legged, and bleak—
A monstrous, breathing, fossiled freak.

All that the devil could bequeath
He left to this poor crabbéd creature
To frighten children on adventure.
But Oh the round unblinking eyes
Flecked with gold reflect the fear—
God give her grace to bless this thing
that measures her leaf-gathering.

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FILMS ON ART

VAN GOGH

Produced by Gaston Diehl and Robert Hessens. Narration by Martin Gabel. Music by Jacques Besse. Distributed by the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St., New York, N. Y. (18 min.)

Ideally a film about paintings is a supplement to, rather than a substitute for, the paintings themselves, and some such conviction presumably led to the showing of this film at the Metropolitan Museum in New York in connection with its recent Van Gogh exhibition. Made in France and here given an English sound track, the film is composed entirely of images from Van Gogh's work.

Since the paintings and personality of this unique genius are usually thought of as inseparable, the film is also a biography in brushwork. To accomplish such a tour de force obviously meant a close acquaintance with the paintings and drawings and also some careful handling of the camera if the total effect was to be more than that of a succession of lantern slides, without, on the other hand, indulging in meaningless acrobatics. The camera does move, but in general it approaches the pictures with a respectful, unhurried, and sometimes studious gaze. As the biography becomes more feverish the pace increases—the images begin to move in and out of focus, to pile upon each other, and to spin around their own centers, in an effort to dramatize the painter's state of mind.

The fact that we are given an opportunity to look carefully at a good many pictures, among them a number not otherwise to be seen in this country, is sufficient to make the the film worth seeing despite certain defects. It is regrettable, first of all, that it is in black and white. The color, whether painful or exuberant, gives Van Gogh's paintings their special quality, and without it the film suggests that a doom-driven, obsessed strain is found equally in all his work. This suggestion is heightened by the quasi-poetic style of the commentary ("the lonely wanderer sets out again, headed toward his own destiny") and by the over-urgent tone in which it is delivered. Having balked at this evidence of romantic distortion, one fresh from the Van Gogh exhibition may well be irritated to notice among the paintings chosen to portray the height of his madness an orchard scene dated several years earlier.

HENRY MOORE

Produced by Falcon Films. Script and narration by James Johnson Sweeney. Comments by Henry Moore. Photography by Erica Anderson. Music by Ralph Vaughan-Williams. Distributed by A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. (15 min., color.)

This film has several advantages not afforded to the makers of "Van Gogh." The living artist was available to speak for himself, the photography is in color, and the camera can deal with sculpture, because of its nature as a three-dimensional art, more easily than with a series of canvases. The film seems to have been photographed largely at the time of the Museum of Modern Art's 1946-47 exhibition of the work of Henry Moore, who, although regarded as one of the foremost modern sculptors, was up to that time relatively unknown in this country. When, after a somewhat confusing opening sequence, the camera and commentary get down to business, the film is pleasantly successful in demonstrating what this remarkable British sculptor has tried to do and why it was worth doing.

As the camera pauses to show the way the grain has been followed in a mahogany carving or turns to show the dance of lights in a construction of lead and copper wire, we see how the sculptor's attention to the qualities of his materials helps determine the form a particular piece is to take. The use of color film makes for some charming effects, as for example in the deep purplish tones of the mahogany displayed against a rose-red wall, and, in general, the close-ups of individual pieces are rich in both color and texture, though as much cannot be said of the long shots.

The camera then shifts to the sculptor himself. He tells engagingly of how during the blitz he went into a subway shelter to escape a raid and began the series of sketches that was to take him into the shelters night after night. While he talks we are allowed to examine some of these sketches, whose great dignity and human quality are emphasized by magnification. Finally, we see some of Moore's sculpture since the war and as the camera lingers over the contours of a group of figures in stone, we note a new interest in classical forms and with it a new quality, almost of warmth. That a film about so slippery a subject as modern sculpture should, without departing from its subject, succeed in having the very real human appeal that this one has, seems to me a genuine accomplishment.

—AMY CLAMPITT.

Amy Clampitt, this week's guest reviewer, helped organize the cooperative Village Film Society in 1947-48, and is on the staff of the Oxford University Press.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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SHOWMANSHIP

(Continued from page 9)

Hearst *Journal-American* leads all the rest. *The Post* (with the application of some of the techniques being debated here) had passed *The World-Telegram* shortly before the latter's merger with *The Sun*. The ABC figures for last autumn show that we actually led *The World-Telegram* (for the first time in history). We were still substantially behind *The Journal-American* despite the fact that for more than a decade *The Post* had offered readers the chance to buy newspapers as they voted.

The meaning of these numbers is not mysterious. They prove beyond dispute that newspapers which displayed the deepest interest in crimes of passion and passionate crimes have remained far out in front in New York, despite the presence of *The Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the late *Sun*, and the later PM to compete with them.*

Is that bad? I have no pious judgment about the answer. It may be that the world would be a prettier place if the statement of twelve physicists on the atomic bomb stirred as much public debate and discussion as the statement of Roberto Rossellini on the fatherhood of Ingrid's child. But I have little doubt as to where the balance of public interest lies and I seriously doubt that the newspapers themselves can be blamed for it. Recently a labor newspaper chided a number of papers for giving a greater front-page display to the trial of Robert Bednasek, the Ohio State student accused of killing his sweetheart, than they did to the Senate debate on the natural gas amendment. This is a serious indictment. But I know of no formula by which the admittedly grave question of natural gas prices can be presented as an appealing page-one theme. The labor newspaper which published the indictment could afford to speak freely because it is entirely subsidized and distributed to union membership, whether they like it or not. It does not have to be entertaining or interesting because its audience is guaranteed. It can't lose.

With the world reported to be on the verge of total disintegration it may be argued that any preoccupation with any lesser issue than atomic policy is absurd. I suppose it might also be argued that any man who devotes himself to anything except

*Figures on British dailies are equally interesting. *Time* reported recently: "The sin-and-crime-loving *London Daily Mirror* tops 4,000,000 copies a day, while the respected *Manchester Guardian* sells a mere 160,000 and the famed *London Times* only 280,000."

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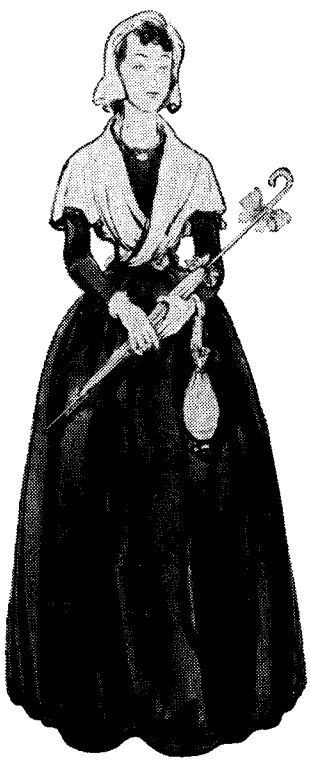

LEWIS GANNETT: "The author of REVELRY, IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT, and THE HARVEY GIRLS has lost nothing of his storytelling skill or his rowdy gusto. This reviewer found himself galloping through this story of a factory girl and true love in Troy, A. D. 1830, and chuckling as he galloped. This book is good fun!"—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

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the prevention of the explosion is wasting his time. But one might perversely maintain that, as the inability of men to solve the problem of human survival becomes more apparent, the more frivolous fellows are offering humanity at least one more fling before the debacle. (It might even be argued that total preoccupation with the atomic issue is as morbid a bid for circulation as any emphasis on lesser gang fights or local depravity.) In any event, no one would really contend that we must always put first things first or this planet would become as dull as it is dangerous.

When the issue of sheer survival hangs in the balance, any news short of cosmic crisis is essentially trivial. In that sense debate over the Taft-Hartley law is ludicrous when we are told that "a dust cloud" could wipe out every living person; similarly, a leopard loose in Oklahoma could hardly compete with an atomic physicist loose in Minsk. But no one really contends that most people are capable of living continuously on the plane of cosmic debate. The truth is that most human beings are so absorbed in the immediate machinery of life that, perhaps fortunately, they can't really fix their undivided attention on the ultimate mysteries of life.

The truth also is that, even in our comparatively advanced society, most men and women find the machinery of life—meaning the struggle for individual survival—a gray and humdrum thing and seek all manner of vicarious experience to impart excitement to their lives. They may find this in the Bergman-Rossellini story or in the adventures of a girl reporter who spends ten nights in a dance hall or in the gruesome ordeals of wayward females. The Bergman saga is the glamorous projection of every frustrated marriage, every furtive triangle, every imagined infidelity. These were not inspired by newspapers, nor, would I guess, have they vanished in the Stalinist fatherland despite the failure of *Izvestia* and *Pravda* to give them adequate coverage. I would even suggest that the aforementioned proletarian journals would probably be read with greater eagerness if they dealt with broader phases of production than the output of a local ball-bearing factory.

WHEN the subject of this exchange was presented to me I gathered that it was to be headlined something like "Is Sex Necessary on Page One?" I assume we have deliberately burlesqued this theme and in a sense I may seem to be debating whether sex is necessary, which I am sure Augie Heckscher would not propose to argue. Others may contend that the real controversy is whether the specific series published by *The Post* in recent months deserve journalistic immortality. But I would be the last man in the world to contend that all our prose has been priceless. I suspect, however, that the real issue is not the narrow one of whether sex should rear its ugly head on the front page of a liberal newspaper or even whether l'affaire Bergman warrants close coverage. The most serious and insistent complaint leveled against *The Post* is that we do not always give important play to the most important news of the day—that we reach out for human-interest stories at the expense of stories which may have the greatest significance for the future of humanity. We do. By human-interest stories I mean nothing more nor less than those stories which interest most humans.

This does not mean that we have ceased to take ourselves seriously. Occasionally I hear someone murmuring: "After all, circulation isn't everything." I philosophically concede the point but I would hate to argue it with a corpse. As I have tried to indicate, I see no contradiction between publishing a newspaper that fights hard for a better break for a lot of people and simultaneously evokes the interest of those people. We said a year ago that a newspaper ought to "comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable" and we haven't changed our minds on that point. (I might observe at this time that I don't believe liberal intellectuals are utterly bored by stories which contain wide popular appeal; I find no evidence that our critics failed to read the series they deplore.) I do not believe that this involves "writing down." I believe it involves an awareness of the intensity and range of individual interest. In a review of "A Treasury of Great Reporting" published in *The Saturday Review* not long ago Herbert Brucker wrote that "the vast majority of these treasures of great reporting deal with blood, butchery, brutishness, or bestiality in one form or another . . . Laymen constantly deplore the newspapers' preoccupation with the untoward. But it is the mass of laymen themselves, giving testimony as incontrovertible as it is unconscious through what they buy to read, who account for it."

Back in 1900 a man named George Bernard Shaw had some words to say on a not unrelated topic. Discussing the timidity of the theatre in handling sex, he wrote in his preface to "Plays for Puritans":

> . . . Love is assumed to be the only theme that touches all of your audience infallibly, young and old, rich and poor. And yet love is the one subject that the drawing-room drama dare not present. . . .
> . . . Life has its realities behind its shows; the theatre has nothing but its shows. But can the theatre make a show of lovers' endearments? A thousand times no; perish the thought of such unladylike, ungen-

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tlemanly exhibitions. You can have fights, rescues, conflagrations, trials at law, avalanches, murders, and executions all directly simulated on the stage if you will. But any such realistic treatment of the incidents of sex is quite out of the question. . . .

Substitute "family newspaper" for "drawing-room drama" and you have a reasonable statement of the taboos under which the anti-tabloid journals operate.

As a footnote to all this, one might note the enormous popularity—and respectability—accorded the findings of Dr. Kinsey. The liberal intellectuals lustily joined the chorus of praise. Yet the astonishing thing is not the variety of sexual patterns unfolded by Dr. Kinsey; it is that the reader of the tabloid was probably far better prepared for the findings than the reader of the "informative family newspaper." I do not want to parody the point; I am simply suggesting that the preoccupation with sexual behavior—and relative sophistication in reading and writing about it—is several thousand times greater than a casual reader of *The Times* would ever guess. If a newspaper is (among other things) supposed to reflect the interests of the age in which it is published, *The News* offers a more accurate picture of the period than does *The Times*; at the very least, a rounded newspaper would be a blend of the two.

There is a parenthetical point that might be made. Some critics of *The Post* have deplored the page-one displays given to specific sex stories. We do not pretend there has been no exaggeration. There has been. For many years *The Post* was known as a "policy paper." That meant its news columns were crowded with dispatches that reflected its editorial interests, regardless of their value in human interest. We deliberately undertook a kind of "shock-treatment" designed to tell a lot of people that there has been a big change on West Street. Since the advertising columns of the big-circulation papers are closed to us, our page one becomes our major medium of advertising.

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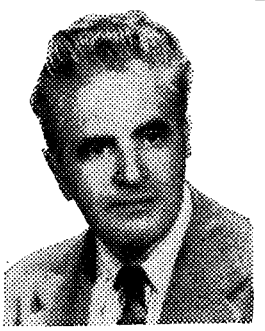

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A FALSE FORMULA

(*Continued from page* 10)

fensible, the separation between liberalism and sex cannot be maintained in practice. A newspaper is neither read nor edited in water-tight compartments. A liberal newspaper must be liberal all through; it must pay its readers the compliment throughout of assuming them to be intelligent and mature. For a time it may carry on a double life successfully. But at some point, if it continues, it will cease being a liberal newspaper and become a sensational paper with an editorial page that is irrelevant and without influence. It is important, after all, that right views not only be printed but that they bear weight.

The fallacy of trying to separate *The Post*'s two chief appeals may be illustrated by a specific example. A series of articles on sex criminals was recently featured. The way this was played made it evident the series was part of the continuing effort to hold the reader with an interest chiefly in perversion, rape, and mutilation. Yet it happens that the sex criminal, besides being a subject capable of satisfying these interests, is one of the gravest social problems. It is not something for a newspaper to snare the prurient with, but to treat responsibly according to its lights. Yet for the serious reader *The Post*'s articles only increased the confusion.

The Post had played up the menace of sex criminals, describing in detail how they go from one crime to another, each more horrible than the last. It had maintained the thesis that a sex criminal is always a sex criminal, so that a minor deviation having been observed the most fateful and inevitable developments can be predicted. But was *The Post* saying that because as a fearless and liberal newspaper it believed it to be true? Or because as a sensational newspaper it was compelled to make a good story?

A short while after the series had ended a New Jersey Commission, having investigated the subject, reached conclusions of an entirely different nature. It claimed sex offenders to be among the less frequent of repeaters and denied that there is any inescapable connection between the minor abnormalities of an adolescent and the monstrous crimes of a mature fiend. In a discussion of these matters in which I participated the opinion of *The Post* was cited. "Oh, *The Post*—" was the reply. "It would let down its readers if it had not adopted the most sensational view."

The Post may have been far nearer the truth than the New Jersey Commission. I am not arguing that point. I am simply saying that one could not trust *The Post* in such an area. One could not take it seriously. And not to be taken seriously in the discussion of a major human problem is about as bad a fate as could befall a liberal newspaper.

My thesis has been that liberalism alone cannot keep a newspaper alive and that liberalism plus sex cannot preserve it indefinitely. What, then, is the answer? It is, I suspect, that the only real assurance of survival and longevity is in being a thoroughly good newspaper—lively, human, provocative, inquisitive, accurate, bold. That, of course, is easier to prescribe than to achieve. Yet *The Post* at its best, despite its persistent dallying with the lewd, shows that it has a fair hunch as to how such a paper would be made. A real coverage of the news of New York City would by itself be a good beginning for a formula.

In developing and carrying out the formula it might well be that enough girls of various types would reappear to satisfy those whom Mr. Wechsler has recently won over as readers. Certainly no one could maintain that the life of a great city is lacking in the scandalous or the picturesque. Nor is there any reason why a liberal paper should not report these things as they appear and talk about them in plain words. The same quality of liberalism that enables a paper to call a spade a spade on the editorial page may well lead it, in its news section, to call a criminal assault a rape. Certainly it would feel no compulsion to bury the birth of Ingrid Bergman's son, as *The New York Times* did, under a small head at the bottom of its entertainment page.

To be plain speaking, to be somewhat audacious, to keep one eye slanted for the bosom or the leg, is by no means incompatible with good journalism and may even be of a piece with the eclecticism at the heart of the liberal spirit. If *The Post* had been going along only in this way it would not have troubled some of its most faithful readers. But *The Post* has been trying something very different. It has abstracted sex from its reporting of life in general, divorced it from realities and passions, and dished it up raw. This, as I see it, is the great defection—a denial both of true liberalism and of good journalism. *The Post* can do better than this; in spite of itself it often does.

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NEW EDITIONS

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD'S monumental "Roosevelt and Hopkins" (Harper, $6), now issued with a new foreword and additional notes, is almost certainly the most important work devoted to the Roosevelt era that has yet appeared, and one that can hardly ever be ignored by historians of the period. It will in the future, as it does in the present, furnish texts to those standing on opposite sides of a great political gulf, for Mr. Sherwood's admiration for one of his subjects is so warm and full that it has permitted him to depict frankly and approvingly aspects of Roosevelt's character that are abhorrent to his detractors, and to record Presidential actions that are abominations in the sight of his enemies. At the same time, Mr. Sherwood's view of the junior member of the famous partnership is sufficiently sympathetic and candid to furnish aid and comfort to those who hated or feared or despised Harry Hopkins during his lifetime.

This quality of candor is, I think, the principal factor that will make "Roosevelt and Hopkins" a work of abiding value. But whatever its fate, and politics apart, it is for all of us who read it now a fascinating story, an absorbing drama. Much of the story, of course, was written before our eyes and we were witnesses of the great acts of the drama, but Mr. Sherwood's voluminous record makes us intimates of two men who had much to do with the writing of the tale and takes us behind scenes that were previously closed to us and into the confidence of leading players whose most important lines were not always spoken in public. There are passages of this record that cannot be read without a shudder in this spring of 1950. For example, Mr. Sherwood writes of the days immediately preceding Pearl Harbor: "During these ten days a sort of paralysis set in, at Oahu and in the Philippines . . . and perhaps worst of all in Washington. Here was presented the awful picture of a great nation which had surrendered all powers of initiative and therefore must wait in a state of flabby impotence for its potential enemies to decide where, when, and how action would be taken." We may not be as impotent as we were in December 1941 but the awful picture, even more terrible, is with us again; once again we are waiting, morally compelled to play out a part that has been played deliberately by no other great nation in the history of the world.

The international problem that Roosevelt faced, the complex of forces into which this nation was drawn during his Presidency, had their immediate source in the First World War and their proximate source in the imperialistic struggle for power that followed the Franco-Prussian War. Libraries have been devoted to the elucidation of the years after 1870 and one might read libraries without arriving at a full understanding of the tangled historical skein. But there are even single volumes that can assist towards such understanding, and one of these — for those who do not make the foolish mistake of thinking they have outgrown textbooks —is F. Lee Benns's "European History Since 1870" (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $5.50). This thousand-page study is crammed with information, lucidly presented in orderly fashion, and in harmony with an over-all design. It is interesting to compare it with Turner's "Europe Since 1870" (second edition, 1927) and to note the enormous mass of difficult material that has come into being during the past two decades to plague honest historians.

ROOSEVELT'S enemies brought many charges against him, but they never accused him of being an inferior politician. He was, they readily admitted, an expert. Another expert, at least in theory, is Harold D. Lasswell, author of "Politics—Who Gets What, When, How" (Peter Smith, $3.25). This shrewd though somewhat scrappy little book, which is a study of the means by which some men influence other men and direct their actions, was first published in 1936, but it is filled with illuminating insights and stimulating suggestions for anyone who is seeking to understand the political thrusts and stresses, national and international, of 1950. Peter Smith has also reprinted Henry Steele Commager's brief "Majority Rule and Minority Rights" ($2.50), a suave argument calculated to reassure those Americans who, like some of the founding fathers, are fearful that majority rule might, in certain circumstances, become tyranny.

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Richard F. Gibbons, Charlotte Hanna, Herbert Harris, Robert Hughes, Innes MacCommond, William A. McGarry, Warner Olivier, Thomas P. O'Neill, Boris Randolph, Michael Wilson. IF THE WRITERS' LISTED above, or anyone knowing of their whereabouts, will communicate with the undersigned, the undersigned will be deeply grateful. Letters sent to their last known address have been returned by the post office. ROBERT SELLMER, Milltown Road, Brewster, N. Y.

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PERSONALS

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 848

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. Satires of New York society ("Papers" by G. W. Curtis, 1853).

B. An early novel by Charles Dickens.

C. Lukewarm or indifferent generally, esp. in religious matters.

D. A lake in Cumberland, Eng.

E. English novelist and editor (1805-82; most of his 39 novels are historical).

F. Marked with sinuate and irregular furrows.

G. A point placed in a consonant to denote that it is not a spirant (Heb. gram.).

H. French-born pirate in Southern American waters (full name).

I. English river in Yorkshire, helping to form the Humber.

J. The characters in which certain prehistoric lapidary inscriptions are written.

K. Abbey in Nottinghamshire, Eng., family home of Lord Byron.

L. Deep, narrow glen or ravine (dial Engl.).

M. Recipient with her sister of the Pulitzer Prize in biography, 1917.

WORDS

49	120	87	75	92	40	65	4			
185	53	58	147	141	22	130	3	151	158	86
110	125	82	192	45	28	148	144	8		
61	93	106	170	46	102	132	152	189	42	
52	131	171	25	111	134	162	145	29		
117	68	173	159	66	43					
105	156	90	44	97	114	70				
98	191	48	2	38	116	57	20	165	178	31
72	188	33	174							
96	7	135	27	94	59	123				
149	21	23	13	69	168	112	54			
9	157	88	56	160						
190	50	36	16	163	104	77	108			

DEFINITIONS

N. Goddess of Discord (Gr. myth.).

O. A heroine in "Idylls of the King."

P. A minute distinction, part, or detail.

Q. Prime Minister of Great Britain, 1922-23.

R. A class of poetry.

S. Heedful.

T. Oriental villain in popular Sax Rohmer mysteries (2 wds.).

U. To keep vigil, often as a devotional exercise.

V. Cosponsor of U.S. Tariff Act, 1930.

W. A character in Old English moralities, having the name of one or another vice.

X. Close friend of Mark Twain, "Harris" in "The Tramp Abroad."

Y. A folding writing tablet in three parts.

Z. Those who urge on.

Z[1]. Members of species *Triton cristatus* (zool.).

Z[2]. German soldier and National Socialist leader, purged June 1934 for conspiracy to overthrow Hitler.

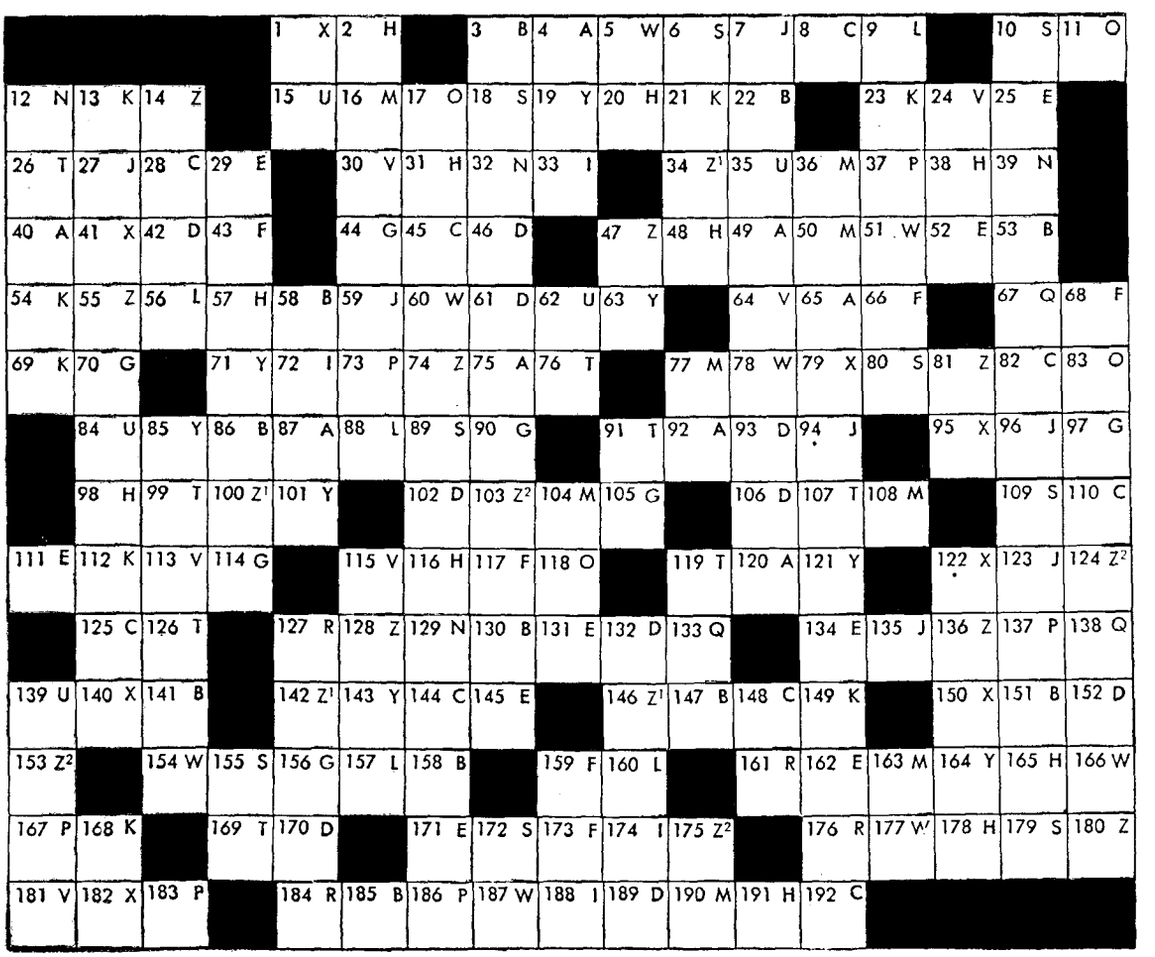
WORDS

39	12	129	32							
11	83	17	118							
186	37	167	73	137	183					
133	138	67								
176	161	127	184							
109	18	80	155	89	6	179	10	172		
119	91	26	107	126	76	169	99			
15	35	62	139	84						
115	24	64	30	181	113					
78	177	166	187	60	5	51	154			
95	150	1	79	122	41	182	140			
101	121	85	71	19	63	164	143			
55	128	47	81	74	14	180	136			
146	34	142	100							
175	103	153	124							

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

IMPRESSIONS

THE SECRECY with which each month's record releases are guarded by the major companies has always seemed most mystifying, not for the information concealed or revealed but for the thinking at work. To be sure, there is the temptation for the unwary but thirsting consumer to lap up the first new version in years of a favored Mozart symphony when he doesn't know when or by whom another will appear. But it seems to me that London has followed an intelligent course in making available for the readers of RECORDINGS its release list for the next six months or so; if it offers some enticing prospects that a buyer will save his money for, it resolves some problems to the advantage of others. Were RCA, Columbia, and Capitol to follow suit the whole picture would be much clearer.

Here are some sample items from a list of about sixty, which London has already recorded and approved for release: the Third and Seventh symphonies of Beethoven conducted by Kleiber, with the Concertgebouw Orchestra; the Polovtsian dances (with chorus) by Van Beinum, coupled with "El Amor Brujo" (Collins); the first four "Concerti Grossi" of Handel by Boyd Neel; a Schubert "Unfinished" and a Brahms No. 4 by Krips; Handel's "Water Music" and a Mozart "Haffner" by Van Beinum; "Also Sprach Zarathustra" by Krauss, as well as "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Don Juan"; a J. Strauss collection by Krauss.

Stage works include the complete "Seraglio" of Mozart (Krips); Lehar's "Zarevitsch" and Kalman's "Countess Maritza." Projected but not yet accomplished is "Der Rosenkavalier." Large solo works for piano include Schumann's "Kreisleriana" and "Fantasiestücke" by Jacqueline Blancard, the "Fantasie" by Robert Weisz, also albums by Wilhelm Kempff (Brahms) and Wilhelm Backaus. The chamber-music enthusiast may look forward to new versions of the Mozart G minor quintet (Grillers), the Schubert "Trout," and the piano quintets of Dvorak and Franck. Among miscellaneous items may be mentioned an operatic recital of Mozart and Puccini by Hilde Gueden; a series of vocal excerpts, mostly classic, by Gerard Souza, plus a recital of Debussy, Duparc, Faure, etc., by the same artist; an operatic recital by Suzanne Danco; the "Coronation Mass" of Mozart under the direction of Krips; a Schumann recital by Kathleen Long including the Sonata No. 2; Mozart Divertimenti, numbers unspecified, by the Vienna Octet; the complete "Yeomen of the Guard" by the D'Oyly Carte Company; and two concerti for viola d'amore and strings by Vivaldi, with the London Chamber Orchestra directed by Anthony Bernard.

Music lovers would certainly welcome spring, summer, fall, and winter lists from the record companies as book buyers do the announcements of publishers. We shall be honored to publish similar matter from other sources whenever it is made available.

IRVING KOLODIN,
Music Editor.

JUNE 1950

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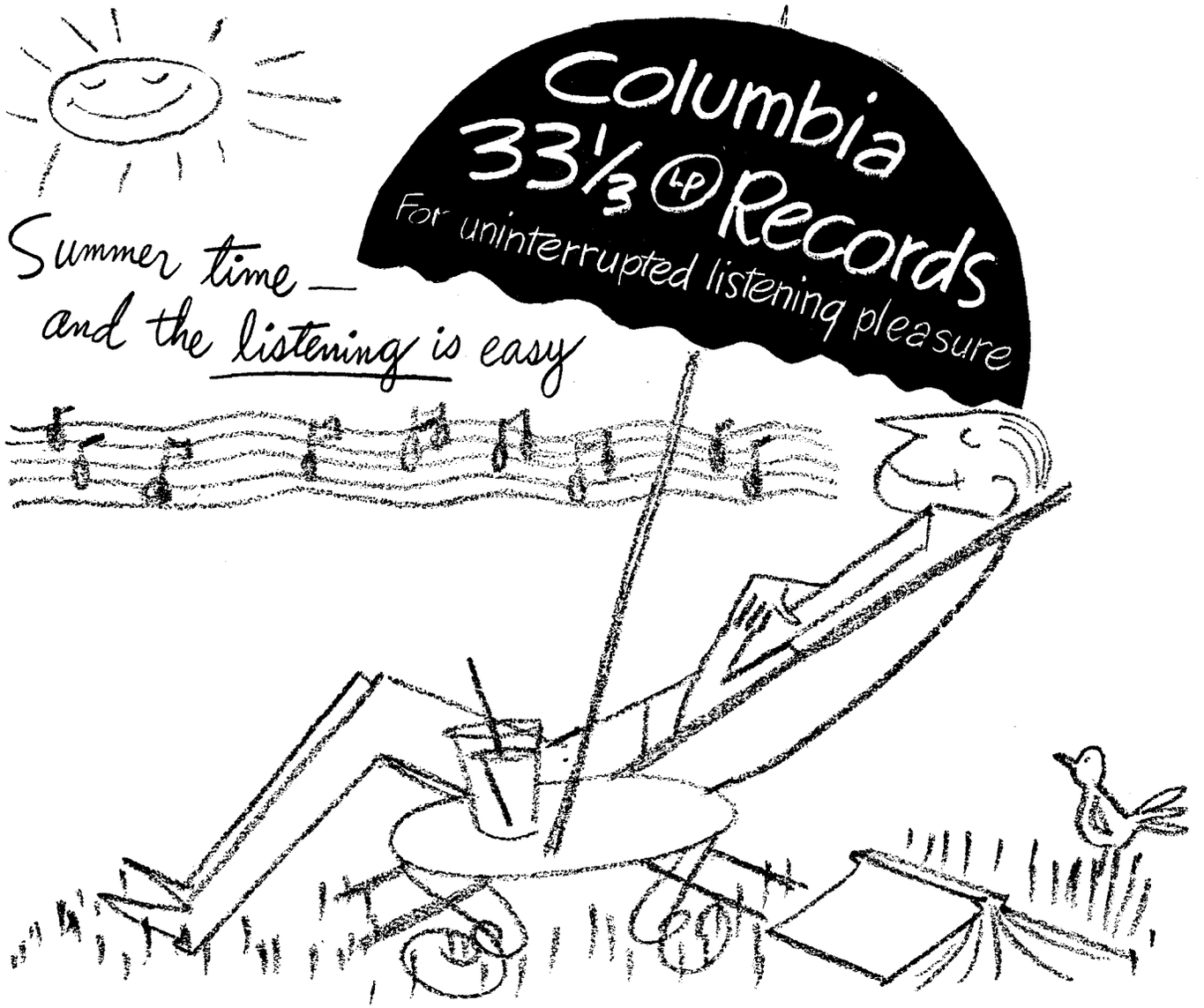

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

The Dethronement of Queen Anne

C. G. BURKE

WHEN two hearers disagree about the technical qualities of a recording familiar to both—and they do very often—the difference may be caused by unequal human perceptions, temperaments, or experiences, but it is more probably the result of the incompatibility of two phonographs. If the disputants exchanged instruments it is quite likely that they would swap opinions too. Human perceptions vary but machines vary more, and both are also mutable. Only the record, before age or injury subdues it, is changeless and complete at its birth. A record is engraved with a complexity of sound and no phonograph available to us now can coax from the grooves all their latent complexities exactly as they were received there. The best records sound magnificent but they would sound better if we had better instruments on which to play them. A residue of silent sound lies in every disc. When the reproducing apparatus is of the best the residue is comparatively small; when the apparatus is poor the residue can exceed the output.

Many people care little for reproductive values if they can recognize a melodic contour. Others agonize at a trifling deviation from their concept of perfection. A listener was recently observed rapt at the "Moonlight" Sonata played on a Columbia portable "viva-tonal" (nonelectric; half-pound soundbox; rusty steel needle entering its hundredth victim) phonograph of 1930 manufacture, which tinkled out a farcical sketch of the music as if on a dry-rotted xylophone. But it gave pleasure.

But only pain was given to a man whose impressive apparatus (magnetic pickup, fifty-watt amplifier with cut-offs every 2,000 cycles, handmade pre-amplifier, ten-circuit compensator, four $200 dual speakers) brought the new Ansermet "Petrouchka" to terrifying life in his living room. Cutting off the cycles above 10,000, his ear detected no difference in the sumptuous tumult from what it had heard with an unrestricted cyclic output. "Lousy recording," he declared with a bitter and outraged finality.

Between these extreme extremes the great majority of phonophiles take gratification from records. It is a majority with countless mobile gradations of taste and sensitivity. It steadily receives recruits from the portable stratum and constantly loses graduates to the cult of high-fidelity. The last, by the unwavering fanaticism of their demands and the influence a learned clamor can exert, affect imposingly the course of recording policy. They want exact realism. They want the continuous splendor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra audibly present in their living rooms, indistinguishable from the orchestra in Symphony Hall, without the loss of a single overtone from cymbal or triangle. The great improvements of the last few years—ffrr and microgroove—stimulate a fiercer hunger for glories newer still. They are inescapably and forever damned, a perfectionistic elite in sight of and approaching a culmination that can never quite be attained.

Once their zeal has infected others previously contented with the placid issuance of a gentle musical entertainment from a comfy, reassuring phonograph incapable of parading the dazzle of the new records, the neophytes undergo the breathless excitement of discovery and revelation, renewed and renewed again as equipment is discarded and replaced by more elaborate or more accurate components. New values of reproduction

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are sought and eventually found, bit by bit, after disappointment, exasperation, and expense. The original germ of discontent, cultivated, will produce progressively improved blooms, each bearing fertile seeds of untoward dissatisfaction.

The typical convert to the dogma of perfectionism begins in discontent, with little valid information and dubious assistance. He has a box (not improbably mounted on Queen Anne legs) which, through the magic of an electric current, emits music. Once complacent about the quality of the issuing sound, he has despised it since hearing an enviably richer complexity burst forth from a box owned by a friend. The friend's box (bleached modern) cost $800, his own $250, so the audible return is honestly proportionate. But knowledge of this does not stifle dissatisfaction. At a phonograph shop he is told what he already knows, that equality with his friend can be had for $800.

Directed to a radio-supply store, he will eventually encounter a functionary knowing in the intricacies of sound reproduction in its most finicky aspect: accuracy (high-fidelity). He will hear for the first and not the last time a promising patter of decibels, cycles per second, the audible spectrum, response curves, etc. A pair of variable reluctance pickups will be installed in his changer, replacing a pair of crystals. This is his first revelation.

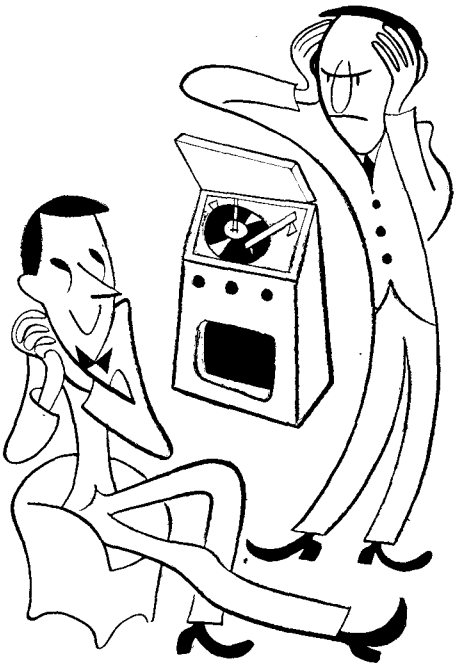
Magnetic pickups express a tingle, a vibrancy of sound, peculiar to themselves; and with a little preamplifier screwed to the back of his Queen Anne box the convert enjoys his records for weeks as he has not enjoyed them before. For weeks; then he notices the cutting shrillness of the violins on LP's. He cannot correct this properly by turning down his treble control, for with the disappearance of the shrillness vanishes also the characteristic quality of all the higher instruments. "An equalizer will take care of that," the serviceman says.

And so it does, for a while. The equalizer with four selective circuits, affixed to the side of the Queen Anne box, reduces treble scream and refines the bass. The LP's become playable, the sweep of ffrr unified and disciplined. The serviceman agrees that the improvement is remarkable, "even with a lousy speaker like that."

The neophyte has never seen his speaker, concealed deep in his sonic box, its aperture covered by a screen of metallic cloth. "What's the matter with it?" he demands. Practically everything, it seems. Why, a good speaker would cost as much as the whole set; that is, a really good speaker. However, a pretty good speaker can be had for about $70.

Out comes the old contemptible ten-inch thing with its undersized magnet. After the shape and interior arrangement of the Queen Anne box have been altered to admit it, in goes a fifteen-inch coaxial job with a three-pound magnet and a solemn testimonial from the manufacturer to its excellence, with graphs to prove it.

The change from a poor speaker to a reasonably good one gives the most



apocalyptic of immediately possible transformations. Queen Anne immediately discoursed with the flamboyant robustious disambiguity of the great Catherine, and our neophyte listened to cosmic intonations in a daze of wonderment for weeks.

Naturally he was the victim of his success. His remade box afforded some intimations of perfection; its new sensitivity betrayed crudities previously unheard. The thud and wow of a slightly uneven turntable came out of the speaker magnified. The remedy was a cast-aluminum turntable with a beautifully machined, oversized spindle so nicely fitted as to allow the turntable no deviation from the horizontal. The deterioration of styli became apparent in distortions the old speaker had not been able to express. He bought new pickups with diamond styli and then a counterbalanced tonearm to hold them. Inevitably he bought an amplifier constructed on elaborate principles which the thrifty manufacturer of his Queen Anne had carefully ignored. This was magnificent but it showed the new speaker to be by no means the last word in speakers, and led to the purchase of one that nearly was: separate high- and low-frequency drivers, directional horn, six-pound magnet, infinite baffle, absorbent packing, etc. This was perforce stationed away from the Queen Anne since it was in every way larger. Inferior pre-amplifiers can be injurious to the quality of sound so he bought a superior one.

A single radius would not serve as point with satisfactory results for all records: he supplemented his .003 diamond with points of .0025 and .0027, then with .002 and .0022. These were mounted in cartridges of the variable-reluctance type, of improved response. He experimented with filters, condensers, and resistors; and in order to bring the various components of his sprawling assembly into harmonious adjustment bought an oscilloscope to study their characteristics. He installed a more sensitive, accurate, and versatile compensator in place of his old equalizer. He has discovered the subtle stereophonic possibilities of multiple speakers placed at different distances from the listening ears and at different heights from the floor. He has two speakers installed now and rearranges them periodically. He is about to buy a third.

He makes his own installations, solders, splices, strips, and tests efficiently. He knows Ohm's law better than the civil code and reads technical papers to study new developments in acoustics. He has become in a modest way an amateur audio engineer and a radio mechanic. He has a phonograph about as good as he could buy anywhere outside of professional laboratories. It has cost to date more than two thousand dollars. He gave Queen Anne to his janitor, who thinks it in every way superior to the magnificent, disorderly composite upstairs.

Expert guidance would have deprived the former neophyte of a succession of triumphs but would have saved for him nearly two-thirds of his expense. There are many audio experts and there are many audio quacks. Music lovers should entrust a high-fidelity project only to audio men with distinguished credentials.

A basic manual explaining the principles and functions of high-fidelity reproduction of sound, with the technical jargon thoroughly glossed and tabulated, would obviate the costly empiricism of retarded correction and personal discovery. It is curious that a fundamental manual, focused brightly and exclusively on the constructional aspects of the finest reproduction of music from records, does not exist. It would help.

C. G. Burke is a writer and musical enthusiast whose resemblance to the harried subject of this article is more than casual. His articles on LP discs and the performance qualities of diamond styli have attracted wide interest among readers of RECORDINGS.

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Rhythm and Blues in 1950

JERRY WEXLER

IN THE early Thirties a new cult of record collectors came into being, complete with ritual, ethic, and idiom. Its pioneer members first encountered each other in junk yards, Salvation Army depots, and back rooms of rummage shops, evasively concealing from each other their discoveries. When proper confidence had been established they might swap anecdotes of their finds—a rare Louis, an early Bessie, a cut-out and forgotten Earl (naturally it was superfluous to mention such last names as Armstrong, Smith, or Hines).

Most of these discs had originated in the "race" lists, along with cherishable items of Jelly Roll Morton, Ma Rainey, King Oliver, and the others of that immortal company which brought the hot-jazz cult into existence. "Race" was then, and remained until quite recently, the trade euphemism for those discs manufactured primarily for Negro buyers, i.e., "the race." In these more enlightened times, the word has been abolished in favor of the more direct "rhythm and blues," after temporizing with such too-colorful substitutes as "sepia" and "ebony."

Until the hot-jazz enlightenment the demand for such discs was localized, both geographically and within the specific areas themselves. The production of records for that market continues but they are now more generally available and productive of more than a little that will interest both the jazz sophisticate and the neophyte. However, the market is serviced by just as diverse a variety of goods as the pop market in general, the weeding out process a considerable one. Hence, the function of this new-and-then summary will be to post the reader on trends and fashions and what is worth his attention.

A core of honest blues records continues to find its way to market, records in the tradition and lineal descent of the Bessie Smiths, the Lonnie Johnsons, the Big Bills, the Tampa Reds, the Pinetop Smiths. But the pseudo-sophistication, sentimentality, and commercial tinge of our poorer pop records have come to infect the blues market as well. Billy Eckstine, Sarah Vaughan, Nat Cole, the Ink Spots, and other stylists in the new urban and urbane manner (all originally rhythm and blues favorites, later become idols of the pop market) have left their influence and brought about a shift in emphasis. Where rhythm and blues records were once almost unfailingly stamped with the honest sensuality, social identification, and strong, steady beat of the unadulterated Southern blues, they have more and more been vitiated by the prurience, fatuity, and lack of pulse of the bad Tin-Pan Alley products.

Because collectors are conscious of this vitiation and because hot jazz records today are a separate entity, available as jazz for jazz fans, few buyers look to the rhythm and blues genre for hot items. With a little investigation, however, the hot may be separated from the hoke.

The labels to be investigated include Savoy, Atlantic, Regal, Apollo, National, King, Aladdin, Miracle, Modern, Imperial, Sittin' In, etc. These small, independent companies, which are more sensitive to changes in the world of rhythm and blues than the bigger, less flexible major disceries, have virtually captured the field.

Vocal blues are subdivided into the saccharine blues ballad (Charles Brown, The Orioles); the insinuating double-entendre blues (Little Esther, Amos Milburn); the shout blues (Wynonie Harris, Roy Brown); the primitive Southern blues (John Lee Hooker, Smokey Hogg); the torch blues (Dinah Washington, Ruth Brown), and still other sub-types. A current vocal vogue is the schmaltzy recitation of interpolated lyrics right in the middle of a torch ballad (Larry Darnell on "I'll Get Along Somehow"). This trend has been carried to an extreme where the side consists wholly of a recitation of Edgar Guest type poetry to a background of organ music (Herb Kenny's "Why Do I Love You?"). Even Tin Pan Alley tunes are offered in the blues and rhythm manner (Doc Sausage on "Rag Mop," Dinah Washington on "It Isn't Fair").

Amos Milburn—"a lot of heart."

The rhythm instrumental numbers are equally varied—but are almost always built on boogie woogie figures in the bass. Most popular are the riff instrumentals, with a unison phrase dominating, and solos at a minimum. These may be slow ("Long Gone"), medium ("The Hucklebuck"), or fast ("Perdido"); whatever the tempo they must be danceable. Almost as successful are instrumentals in which one solo instrument leads the way while the band riffs or sustains chords in back. The lead in such cases may be a tenor sax (Deacon Jay McNeeley), amplified guitar (Pee Wee Crayton), or a piano (Sonny Thompson). Trumpet leads are rare, trombones rarer, and clarinet leads are virtually unknown.

AS FOR the spiritual records, they are consistently fine; buyers want no tampering with the spirit and form of religious music. Some of the best rhythm and blues records currently available are:

"Stack-A'Lee," Archibald & His Orchestra (Imperial). An unbilled singer delivers an inspired rendition of a blues reworked from old and legendary material. The backing, piano and rhythm, is tense, tight, and altogether wonderful. Two exciting sides are utilized for this charming story in song.

"Still in the Dark," Joe Turner (Freedom). Turner's magnificent gifts have been squandered on bad records in recent years; this side, praise be, does him full justice. A slow blues with a meaningful lyric, superbly backed and recorded.

"Blues Stay Away from Me," Lonnie Johnson (King). Johnson, a favorite with collectors since the days he recorded with Eddie Lang and Hoagy Carmichael, is still singing and playing guitar in choice Southern style. The blues he does here was a hillbilly hit a few months ago but you wouldn't know it from the treatment.

"Walking Blues," Amos Milburn (Aladdin). A comparative newcomer, Milburn gets a lot of heart into his blues chanting. Try this one for well-balanced singing, background, and recording.

"O Solo Mio Boogie," Camille Howard (Specialty). Miss Howard makes a specialty of eight-to-the-bar piano adaptations of classics and near-classics. Some tastes may find her sort of thing mechanical and cold but others will relish the humor and drive that are present.

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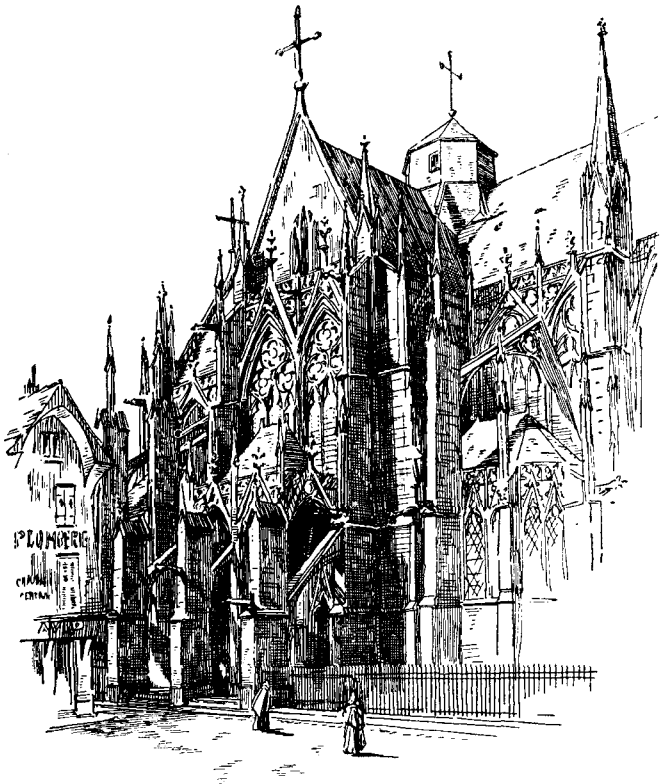
With Casals at Prades

ROLAND GELATT



—From "The Long Way Home: A Song of France."

VERNET-LES-BAINS, June 6.

ON THE first day of June all roads in France led to a small town of 5,000 inhabitants nestled in the foothills of the Pyrenees some twenty-five miles west of the Mediterranean and twelve miles north of the Spanish frontier. At every juncture on the long journey to Prades one encountered fellow pilgrims. You went into the dining car for breakfast immediately upon leaving Paris's Gare Austerlitz and sitting at a table opposite was a noted Polish lieder singer and her companion, a Swiss-Rumanian pianist. The train arrived in Toulouse a bit after six that evening and had you chanced to eat dinner in the Hotel Regina across the square from the station you would have noticed two ladies from Sweden whose German editions of Bach lay piled on the table alongside handbags, timetables, and postcards. By the time you got to Perpignan at noon the following day the confluence had assumed astonishing proportions. The hot streets of that fascinating city, much more Catalan than French, echoed to the sounds of a dozen tongues and dialects.

To what end this pilgrimage? Of the 491 pages which the "Blue Guide" devotes to the Pyrenees region, Prades rates only a meager twelve lines. The author of that guide implies that Prades deserves at best no more than a fifteen-minute stop. Its architecture is nondescript, its hotel third rate. But he failed to reckon on Prades's most illustrious citizen and on the spell which the name Pablo Casals casts in the world of music.

If ever the mountain came to Mahomet, it was in Prades during the first three weeks of June, when musicians and listeners converged from cities as distant as Stockholm and San Francisco to pay homage to Johann Sebastian Bach and his noble interpreter Pablo Casals. Five years earlier the great cellist had vowed never again to play in public. The man who had flaunted from the very start his distaste for Fascism in general and Franco in particular considered self-enforced silence to be his only means of protest against the diplomatic and economic tolerance which the governments of the West continued to extend to Franco's totalitarian regime. Georges Bidault, in making Casals a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, called him most appropriately "a conscience of our time." Casals wants to emphasize that the Bach festival in Prades is not to be taken as a sign that he has relented in his protest. In his own words, "I am not coming out of retirement. I decided to play in the town of my exile this once in spite of my retirement." Be this casuistry or not, the decision to play "this once" electrified the musical world. Soloists of the highest stature volunteered their services; an orchestra of thirty-five musicians was quickly recruited by the violinist Alexander Schneider at a fee which barely covered expenses; tourist agents attacked the protean task of transporting and garrisoning an army of music lovers.

At the inception of the Prades festival idealism rather than practicality dominated. Perhaps Messrs. Casals and Schneider envisaged merely a hundred or so enthusiasts determined enough to find their way to this remote town. If so, they were grossly mistaken. Soon inquiries began to arrive by the hundreds; it became apparent that Prades with its one Grand Hotel could not begin to cope with so alarming an influx of musicians and listeners. Hotels in several thermal resorts near Prades consented to open earlier than usual and local bus lines agreed to transport people from these resorts (some of them as far away as twenty miles) to Prades for each evening concert.

OUR quarters were in Vernet-les-Bains, a resort town of glorious past and rather seedy present perched on the side of a mountain six miles southwest of Prades. When we arrived on the afternoon of June 2 Vernet's Hotel du Portugal was in a state of the most dismayed confusion. A bevy of eminent musicians and affluent, demanding tourists had thrown the plump *directrice* into a state of panic. Eventually we were shown to our room (which may have seemed well appointed in 1875) and settled down to recuperate from our thirty-two-hour junket from Paris.

That evening a bus for the Prades pilgrims left Vernet at 8:30. As the bus threaded its way down the mountainside visitors gaped at gaunt Catalan villages bathed in an incredibly flaming sunset glow. The entrance to Prades was signaled by a banner strung across the street carrying the words "Bienvenue" while along the narrow streets scores of automobiles

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made it almost impossible for the bus driver to navigate his clumsy vehicle.

At last, after crawling through Prades at something like two miles per hour, we reached the brilliantly illuminated square in front of the Eglise Saint-Pierre. In every inch of space, heedless of traffic, the people of Prades were gathered to watch the glamorous procession. *Tout de monde* was out to make the most of this great day, probably the most exciting event in the town's history. In addition to the musical luminaries one could see in the streets such notables as Ernest Hemingway, Ruth Draper, and Juan Negrín. Everywhere fashionable clothes, expensive furs, and strange tongues predominated.

Eventually we inched our way through the crowd to the entrance of the Eglise Saint-Pierre, a medieval edifice part Gothic, part Romanesque which the archbishop of Perpignan had put at the disposal of the festival. Except for a wooden platform which had been set up for the musicians, every bit of space in the church was taken up by 1,200 seats. Confusion reigned as ticket holders were shepherded to their proper places.

The orchestra appeared on stage, and a more talented ensemble of players would be difficult to assemble. Among the cellists one noticed Paul Tortelier, of France, Daniel Saidenberg and Madeleine Foley, of America. Marcel Tabuteau, of Philadelphia Orchestra fame, sat at the first oboe desk; his colleague in the flute section was John Wummer, and as concertmaster one recognized the imposing, bushy-haired figure of Alexander Schneider. At long last Casals appeared carrying his cello. As if it were a battalion drilled to perfection, the entire assemblage sprang to its feet. The precincts of the church forbade applause. But this standing homage spoke more than the most raucous ovation; for in the attentive silence one sensed an overwhelming warmth and love directed to the great man and musician. Casals, peering at the vast audience from behind his thick spectacles, motioned for the gathering to be seated. Then he took his own seat in front of the orchestra and began to play the Suite in G major (No. 1) for unaccompanied cello.

The phonograph records of Casals had, of course, prepared one for the wonders of Prades. But for this listener at least there lurked always a suspicion that the microphone had enhanced the Spaniard's virtuosity. Could the tortuous, rasping instrument really sound as resonant and dextrous as the phonograph intimated? One could not be sure. Yet no more than three measures of the Bach suite sufficed to prove that, if anything, the famous discs had borne inadequate witness. The singing amplitude of tone, the verve and lightness of bowing, the imaginative and supple phrasing, the extraordinary purity of pitch—all justified in full measure the reputation of Pablo Casals.

BUT IT served only as a beginning. There followed, on this same first program, the "Brandenburg" Concertos No. 2, and No. 3 and the D minor piano concerto, with Yvonne Lefébure as soloist. Here one heard a side of Casals inadequately represented on records—Casals as conductor. One can ascribe part of the effect to the virtuoso ensemble, part to the amazing acoustic properties of the Eglise Saint-Pierre. But most of the wonders can be put down to the genius of Casals and the devotion of his players. Perhaps it was the Latin atmosphere, the festivity of the crowds, the clarity of the mountain air, but Bach has never sounded to me less Germanic than on this occasion. Was this the Protestant cantor from a gray and somber Germany? When the program ended shortly after midnight no one could have left the church without a spring to his walk and gaiety in his heart.

Of the next evening when Casals played the three *da gamba* sonatas with the Swiss pianist Paul Baumgarten; of the second orchestral concert with Clara Haskil, pianist, and Doda Conrad, bass, as soloists; of the daily morning rehearsals; of all the upsets and difficulties attendant on making music in the midst of the lazy Pyrenees there is no room here to speak. I should like, however, to mention one aspect of the Prades festival which may not be emphasized elsewhere. It is a jarring note and though it was to be expected it still comes as an unpleasant shock. It is "smart" to be in Prades, to attend the chic parties and receptions, to be seen with the right people. Snobbery is rampant, as is an unthinking Casals cultism which tries to elevate the cellist by the ridiculous expedient of running down every other artist who has ever interpreted the music of Bach. What a difference between this "international set" and the genuine music lovers who came to hear *le maître*.

If the Prades festival has been to a certain extent the playground of well-to-do travelers, its musical results are to be made available to a much larger, more appropriate audience. Throughout Prades large blue

(*Continued on page* 59)

Pablo Casals—"the simple and essential core of great art."

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Reviews of the Month

Chopin by Novaës

CHOPIN: *Twenty-Four Preludes. Guiomar Novaës, piano.* VOX LP 6170, $4.85.

CHOPIN: *Sonata in B flat minor; "Fantasie," opus 49. Guiomar Novaës, piano.* VOX LP 6230, $4.85.

One of the few contemporary artists who, for this taste, can do practically no wrong is the splendid Brazilian pianist Guiomar Novaës. An irregular visitor to this part of the hemisphere, she has, nevertheless, been of unfailing interest since she made a greatly admired debut in her teens thirty years ago. In a time of sensationalism and display, Mme. Novaës has steadfastly remained one of those pianists to whom the classification of the instrument as "percussive" is a challenge rather than an invitation.

Perhaps because her public has not been built by frequent nationwide tours and orchestral appearances, Mme. Novaës has been neglected by the large companies for whom she has recorded in the past, limited to small pieces and genre composers of her native land. That, one may now hope, is a thing of the past for in this pair of debut records for Vox she has taken a foremost place among recording pianists, which should be bolstered as quickly as her other Schumann, Beethoven, and Mozart specialties can be prepared.

My preference is the cycle of preludes, not only for the welcome pleasure of hearing them in a sequence broken only once, but even more for the care, taste, and pianistic magic of Mme. Novaës's performance. At whatever level of sound, the piano always sings in that rich, well-articulated resonance which is her particular pianistic voice. Each of the twenty-four is given in its predestined character, with a degree of finesse and lyric feeling which are intimately related to these intimate pieces. In this respect they are more consistently satisfying than the showier performances of Rubinstein—and much better reproduced.

There is a dramatic accent in the B flat minor sonata which Mme. Novaës does not always underscore as it might be but within the framework of her conception it is as homogeneous and beautifully expressed as the preludes. Particularly the brooding inflection of the "Marche Funèbre" is something to refresh ears long sated with the common four-square treatment. The "Fantasie" may not have the sweep of the old Cortot but it has more point and delicacy than the new Sandor, which is its present-day competitor. The quality of this recording stirs bright hopes for future collaborations of Novaës and Vox (the Schumann "Carnival" please?).

De Luca at Seventy-Four

MOZART: *"Non piu andrai" etc. Giuseppe de Luca, baritone, with piano accompaniment.* (Continental LP 102, $4.85.)

Short of being able to hear the rich art and golden voice of Giuseppe de Luca as it exists on numberless Victor records made in his prime, there is some interest in hearing the still rich art but far from golden voice in this collection made within the last few years. It is, of course, astonishing that a singer past seventy can still articulate his ideas with the strength and clarity heard from De Luca in "Non piu andrai" or "Se vuol Ballare" from Mozart's "Figaro" or "Quand'ero Paggio" from Verdi's "Falstaff" but the tone is woody and without vibrance. At that, with the defective technique with which these items have been made the piano does not sound much better than it might on De Luca's early electric discs. Also included are excerpts from "Pique Dame," Giordano's "Siberia," "Adriana Lecouvreur," and the "Champagne" air from "Don Giovanni." As a limited kind of tribute to a grand singer this disc has its interest but it would be too bad if the idea was spread about that this is any real indication of how De Luca actually sounded.

"Pathétique," on Two

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 6 ("Pathétique"). Herbert von Karajan conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Columbia LP 4299, $4.85.) *Charles Munch conducting the Orchestre de la Société du Conservatoire de Paris. With: "Romeo and Juliette" overture-fantasy conducted by Eduard van Beinum, played by the London Philharmonic.* (London LLP 166-7, $11.90.)

The great issue whether Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" can endure by itself or as half-slave to the "Romeo and Juliette" overture has now been joined. When the smoke screen of charges and countercharges has settled, one question, I think, will be pre-eminent. Who does the better "Pathétique": Von Karajan or Munch? I think it is demonstrable by ear and eye (the score would come into this) that the Viennese has a more fluid feeling for the score, a greater sense of how it should be articulated, than the Alsatian now become Bostonian. I privately incline to the feeling that both are needlessly hysterical, and Toscanini (RCA LP 1036, $5.45) needlessly austere, leaving the Furtwängler of ready recollection as the best in modern time.

So far as the matter of London's bold unconventionality is concerned, it all comes down to its unwillingness —let us not say inability—to put

—*Bruno.*

Guiomar Novaës—"pianistic magic."

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Eduard van Beinum—"charges and countercharges."

twenty-seven minutes of music on a single LP side. While the total of the "Pathétique" is estimated in the score as forty-eight minutes, Munch does it in forty-six, Von Karajan in forty-five. The last two movements present no problem, for Von Karajan covers them in eighteen minutes, Munch in twenty. However, London prefers to blend movements two and three on a side (seventeen minutes), with the nineteen-minute first movement and the eleven-minute finale on single sides.

I will grant the London discs a measure of superiority to the Columbia, in tonal richness, instrumental detail, and articulation, but nothing like the 33-per-cent edge suggested in the spacing of the material—assuming that this technical consideration was dominant. My suspicion is that London will soon issue a general-purpose version of its "Pathétique" on a single twelve-inch LP, leaving to the perfectionists this duple product. The Van Beinum "Romeo and Juliette" is fresh proof of the change he wrought in the London Philharmonic Orchestra, but it doesn't impress me as a performance comparable to either Toscanini's or Beecham's. Since neither Munch's "Pathétique" nor Van Beinum's "Romeo and Juliette" is the premier treatment of the work involved, the attractiveness of the joint issue would seem self-evident.

"Schicchi" & "Tabarro"

PUCCINI: *"Gianni Schicchi." Giuseppe Taddei (Schicchi), with Grete Rapisardi (Lauretta), Giuseppe Savio (Rinuccio), and others, with Orchestra of Radio Italiana directed by Alfredo Simonetto.* (Cetra-Soria LP 50,028, $5.95.)

"Il Tabarro." Antenore Reali (Michele), Clara Petrella (Giorgetta), Glauco Scarlini (Luigi), and Giuseppe Nessi (Tinca), with Radio Italiana Orchestra conducted by Giuseppe Baroni. (Cetra-Soria LP 50,029, $5.95.)

There is promise and performance here, but not in the expectable order. The promise is afforded by the relatively popular "Gianni Schicchi" with its familiar story, two agreeable airs, and generally lively atmosphere. The performance is provided by the grimmer, lesser-known "Tabarro," which, in this version at least, is much the better of the short works which Puccini meant to be performed on a single evening ("Suor Angelica" is the other).

Some of this may have to do with pure phonographic values. The bustle and excitement of "Schicchi," which is eye-engaging when the dozen or more characters are milling around the stage waiting for the venerable Florentine to die, eager to share in his will, and willing to have the rogue Gianni Schicchi dictate another when the original is unfavorable, emerge from the disc as chaotic and strident, with a single notable performance: Taddei's Schicchi. He is almost visible, and compellingly audible, evoking a characterization worth a place beside his memorable Falstaff of a few months back. The rest of the cast is mediocre, however, with particular ear strain from Savio, a throaty, charmless Rinuccio, and Rapisardi, a quavery Lauretta. More of the orchestral score comes through than is heard in the opera house but Simonetto lacks the authority and drive to carry through at those moments where clarity hangs in the balance. Good recording, second-rate performance.

"Tabarro," however, is a revelation. Reali is a forceful Michele, Petrella an excellent Giorgetta, and Scarlini a real tenor in the role of Luigi. At the outset the suggestions of "Butterfly" and "Bohême" are almost painful, but as Puccini plunges deeper into the special situation of the bargeman, the errant wife, and the passionate deck-hand, it takes on a color and fervor akin to "Tosca," but not at all a mere echo. Among them, the principal singers create an atmosphere of dramatic suspense much more evocative and listenable than the hectic overemphasis in "Schicchi." Most of this must be credited to Baroni's understanding direction but more than a little is inherent in the work itself. Perhaps familiarity with "Schicchi" breeds disdain, if not contempt. For the moment, however, "Tabarro" will suffice. Fine clear recording, with a break in the appropriate place between scenes. The complete text (English and Italian) is a bonus from Cetra-Soria and a welcome dividend with either work.

Jeux de Bizet

BIZET: *"Jeux d'Enfants." Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, duo-pianists.* (Columbia LP 2701, $3.85.)

Considering the lengths to which duo-pianists have gone in recent years to find material to keep them busy—anything from Mozart's "Figaro" overture to the "Largo al factotum" from "Il Barbiere"—it is about time that they have reverted to the authentic literature of the instrument, as Vronsky and Babin have done here. (The "Slavonic Dances" of Dvorak could be next.) Those whose appetite has been aroused by the excerpts arranged by Dorati for a De Basil Ballet, and recorded in part on RCA Victor Set 721, will find the full serving not less tasty and proportionately more satisfying. Some persons of long memory can close their eyes at one point and still see Irina Baronova as a "Spinning Top" of the ballet.

What is particularly delightful about this set of pieces is not alone their engaging rhythmic charm or melodic freshness but even more what they tell us about Bizet, who is known, apparently, by but one atypical work—"Carmen." The "real" Bizet, as manifest in these fanciful brevities or the delightful "Symphony in C" was strongly attuned to Schumann (the "Carnaval" especially) and might have founded a whole French school so influenced had he not died at thirty-seven. Whether Vronsky and Babin play the music at one piano, four-hands, as the composer intended, or as a piano duet, is hardly important. They *play* the music, with full sympathy, warm understanding, and characteristic tone. Fine reproduction, too.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See Page 65 for Pop Report

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Seven Sonatas. Fernand Caratge, flute, and Marcelle Charbonnier, harpsichord. VOX PL 6160, $11.90.	Though Caratge is an unfamiliar name, he seems a thoroughly qualified inheritor of the great French tradition of his instrument. The deftness and subtlety of the music are extraordinary, of a delicacy and sophistication rarely excelled by Bach. There can be nothing but praise for the recording.
Beethoven: Leonore No. 3, and Ravel: "Daphnis et Chloe" suite No. 2. Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Orchestra. RCA Victor LP 1043, $5.45.	Both performances have been reviewed previously, in conventional and 45-rpm versions. The coupling on LP has only one justification: that Toscanini is a unity greater than the widely dissimilar works he performs. At that, an adoration of the conductor is the impelling reason for buying this disc, for neither performance is quite what the work merits.
Beethoven: Mass in C, opus 86. Rudolf Moralt conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, with chorus and soloists. VOX PL 6300, $5.95.	A "little" Mass, by the measure of the "Missa Solemnis," this score has many splendid things in it. As a phonographic first-time it is a precious addition to the Beethoven literature though Moralt is here more a dutiful than a penetrating conductor. Excellent work by the solo quartet (Gisela Rathauscher, Elfriede Hofstaetter, Alfred Planyavsky, and Walter Berry) and bright, well-balanced reproduction of the whole sound. The choral masses are especially impressive.
Brahms: Concerto in D. Yehudi Menuhin, violin, and Lucerne Festival Orchestra conducted by Willem Furtwängler. RCA Victor album 1361, $7.25. WDM 1361, $5.51.	Highly creditable work for Menuhin, who has not made as fine a recording as this in many months. However, Furtwängler's direction is exaggerated in emphasis, perilously close to the ponderous in a work which can ill-afford overstress. Not as good sound as the recent Renard-Munch on London or as interesting performance as the Szigeti-Ormandy. For the Menuhin public, if for anyone.
Brahms: Quartet in G minor. Rudolf Serkin, piano, with members of the Busch Quartet. Columbia LP 4296, $4.85.	Expert, closely integrated playing of a work which no longer sounds as meaningful as it once did to me. Perhaps it is for reasons above and below. Serkin is splendid throughout though the gypsy finale could be more incisive as in the old Rubinstein. Excellent balance.
Brahms: Quintet in F minor. Clara Haskil, piano, with Winterthur String Quartet. Concert Hall. LP CHC 16, $4.85.	Not as satisfactory as previous issues from Winterthur in the Swiss Alps, partially because the bigness of style asks a pianist commanding more sonority than Haskil and also because the surface crackles more than current practices make necessary. Rather matter-of-fact performance in all, without real illumination of the music.
Franck: Symphonic Variations. Robert Casadesus, piano, with the Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by George Weldon. D'Indy: Symphony on a Mountain Air. Casadesus, piano, with Munch conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony. Columbia LP 4298, $4.85.	A brilliant accomplishment for both Columbia and Casadesus—two works not previously available on LP, of like enough genre to please all but the irreconcilables. For a novelty, the bright, shimmering sound of the American recording is even better than the disc-mate from England. Wonderfully fresh and vibrant treatment of the D'Indy by Munch, in a more vigorous style than the generally admirable Monteux-San Francisco. The Franck is a little stodgy in sound, especially the dull-toned piano, but it is a better performance than any since the still supreme Gieseking.
Franz: "Im Herbst," "Im Frühling," etc. Carol Brice, contralto, with Jonathan Brice, piano. Columbia LP 2108, $3.85.	If this ten-inch LP were all Franz—a welcome if wishful thought—the arbitrary sequence might be defensible; but the progression from Beethoven's "In tomba oscura" to a Falla "Seguidilla" by way of a Franz group is more like Town Hall than the phonograph should be. The Brice voice is more imposing than ever, though she seems to be encouraging stridence at the top to fatten the lower range—which doesn't need it. The overside, in English, offers a variable sequence of "They All Dance the Samba," Carpenter's "The Day Is No More," three spirituals, and Foster's "Ah! May the Red Rose." Fine reproduction.
Rachmaninoff: Prelude in G minor, etc. Concerto LP, $4.85.	Another appropriation from the player-piano literature, which sounds more like a libel on Rachmaninoff than anything describable as a likeness of his art. Included as well are various items of Tchaikovsky ("Troika"), Chopin ("Maiden's Wish"), and Schubert ("Das Wandern"). On the other side are performances by Hofmann, Grieg, Lhevinne, and George Copeland—the latter presumably playing Debussy's "L'Après midi." The processing is poor with overcut grooves and rather noisy surfaces.
Rossini: "Barber of Seville" Overture, etc. Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LP 1044, $5.45.	The familiar and dazzling series of Rossini overtures—"Gazza Ladra," "La Cenerentola," and "Il Signor Bruschino" in addition to the "Barber"—successfully converted to continuous form, two to a side. The sound is a shade off in dazzle from the original but impressive enough in any case.
Strauss: "Burleske." G. Muench, piano, with Alfons Dressel conducting the Munich Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra. VOX LP 6110, $5.95.	A properly spirited, idiomatic playing of this delightful work, a grateful relief for those who have either been enduring the brittle version of Arrau or doing without. Expert collaboration by conductor Dressel and bright recording with accentuated highs. Something more challenging than the Liszt E flat concerto *again*, would have been desirable on the overside. Hans Rosbaud stirs up a tempest with his orchestra and the pianist, identified simply as R. Schmid, is an accomplished artist. The playing, as a whole, may be described as able and undistinguished.
Tchaikovsky: "Swan Lake" excerpts. Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra. Columbia LP 4308, $4.85.	More of this jeweled score than has ever been available on records previously, played in conscientious but rather earthbound style by Kostelanetz. He does not have the rhythmic finesse of Golschmann, for example, who might be tapped by RCA for a rival enterprise. It is, however, a pleasure to have so much of the score so well executed orchestrally. The recording is excellent in solo details, and in mass below a forte; when loud, it is also shrill. —Irving Kolodin.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

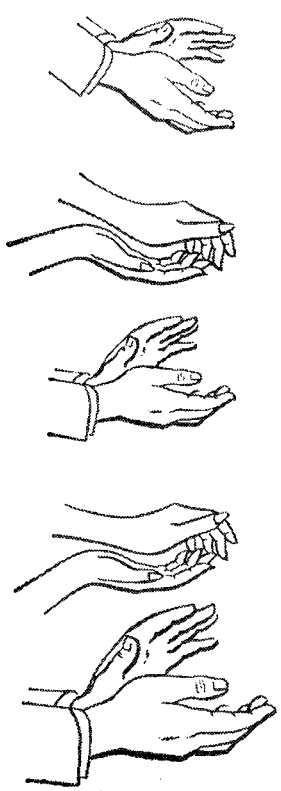
LONDON.

THE first release of Long Playing records, together with a comprehensive range of suitable equipment, has been officially announced by Decca. That is this month's big news from London and, naturally enough, it overshadows everything else. Since shops were notified of Decca's intentions on May 15 there has been a tremendous interest and curiosity, tempered, however, by a skepticism that can be largely attributed to the confusing opinions recently printed in *The Gramophone*. The first list contains about fifty discs, nearly all of which have appeared in the United States. Great care has been taken in their choice so that only three or four out of the thirty-odd serious records are "dubbings" from original 78-rpm waxings. Two notable omissions are Bloch's "Sacred Service" and "Schelomo"; in their absence "Petrouchka" can be trusted to create a stir comparable to its 78-rpm predecessor.

I imagine that prices, both of the discs and of the player attachments, will be of interest to American LP devotees. Decca (London in the U. S.) LP's are to be available at five different price levels, two twelve inch and three ten inch, ranging from 22s ($3.10) for the cheapest ten inch to 39s. 6d ($5.25) for the best twelve-inch variety. The cheapest player costs £ 8.18s. ($27) and contains a synchronous motor for 33 1/3 rpm only with a microgroove crystal pick-up. A more ambitious player with a two-speed motor and a magnetic pick-up having two interchangeable, different - colored heads costs £ 15.15s ($55). These prices all include purchase tax, which in this country amounts to slightly less than one-third of the quoted figures. I have seen this LP equipment now about to be marketed, and it is obvious that the prices do not represent the real value and that Decca is thus subsidizing it to encourage people to take the plunge. What impressed me most of all when I paid my visit to Decca was the vast superiority of LP over standard 78-rpm discs on comparatively low-fidelity equipment. Here the gain in clarity was quite startling; even the most heavily scored passages were reproduced effortlessly.

The current June number of *The Gramophone* contains the first advertisements of Decca LP as well as the first, brief reactions of some members of the journal's reviewing staff. Compton Mackenzie in his latest editorial tries to extricate himself from his previous, ill-judged comments by suggesting that we may already have benefited from his advice: "Let me repeat once more that the time lag between issuing LP records in the United States and here was inevitable in the present circumstances and that we shall have reason to be grateful for that because we shall benefit from the lessons learned by trial and error on the other side of the Atlantic." Unfortunately, he goes on to lament the fact that it will probably mean that for a long while hitherto unrecorded musical works will remain unrecorded because it will be necessary to build up a solid repertory of the established favorites for the long-playing catalogue." I need scarcely remind American readers how wrong this view has already

(*Continued on page* 66)



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SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, *September 24, 1949*—"The results are productive of the best 'Surprise' we have."

BRAHMS: SYMPHONY NO. 3

THE NEW RECORDS, *April, 1950*—"Here is as fine a Brahms Third as we have ever heard...We found the recording and the surfaces excellent."

THE CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER, *December, 1949*—"Here again is another Capitol-Telefunken which gives us that marvelous sense of concert hall fidelity in addition to being an example of the work of one of the world's finest symphonic organizations."

FRANCAIX: CONCERTINO FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA

REVIEW OF RECORDED MUSIC, *April, 1950*—"...since Domenico Scarlatti, at least, surely no composer has said so much in so few pointed words."

THE MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE, *January 29, 1950*—"This is music with a touch of Gallic mischief, a tinge of wistfulness and exceedingly ingenious writing."

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Incantations by Eliot

IRWIN EDMAN

IT IS over thirty years since I first wrote a review of a book; this is the first time I have ever reviewed a set of records and I confess I feel intimidated by the new set of problems with which, as a freshman record reviewer, I find myself confronted. Reviewing a recorded symphony would, I have a feeling, be an easier task. For I have been a collector of music on discs almost as long as I have been reviewing. But the spoken word, that is another matter. Here are recordings of "The Cocktail Party" (Decca LP DX—100, $11.70) done by the same English cast, with one American exception, that with style and polish has been presenting the play at the Henry Miller Theatre in New York. On the technical side, the recording is excellent. Not only do the sounds of the voices come rich and accurate; every clipped cadence of educated British speech is finely and firmly caught. As well as may be, the editors have made the play intelligible without the visual frame of action to give identification to the speakers of the words.

But inevitably one is reviewing the play, too, just as a new recording of a symphony affords a new occasion to estimate the music which is being played. By this time practically every tenable position with respect to "The Cocktail Party" has been taken. Whatever one says by now comes to sound like a cliché one has overheard. "The Cocktail Party" is poetry brought to the theatre, it is religion and psychiatry in one, it is wise, it is arrogant, it is philosophy, it is Noel Coward. It is a comedy of manners of upper Mayfair. It is T. S. Eliot's judgment of life. It is pure entertainment; it is long-winded and at places a little dull. All these things have been said, and something of each is true. But more about the substance later. Now as to the medium.

In the first place, it is a wonderful thing that recordings should be making available all over the country what a generation ago would not have been so necessary and useful. There once was a "road" for the theatre and one did not have to come to New York, having ordered tickets five months in advance, to see a play. As far as speech without a visual setting can convey the atmosphere of the New York production of "The Cocktail Party," here it has been done and all one needs is a good phonograph to have available the high fidelity of these records. On the records, indeed, one of the features of the production is even more delightful and exquisite than it is on the stage. These English actors speak their lines with a sense of the music that is in them and even when T. S. Eliot is dubious as a thinker (as in my judgment he frequently is), even when the play falters as poetry or as drama (as I think it sometimes does), Eliot's own special incantatory quality of writing is present. And that incantation is heard on the records even more patently, for one is more concentrated on listening than one is when hearing actors on a watched stage. These records suggest how wonderful an instrument recording may be to remind listeners what they forget on the printed page, that a beautiful half of poetry is the art of the spoken word, that a beautiful half of acting is in articulation, in cadence, in rhythm.

THE fact is that not all of "The Cocktail Party" is poetry. Nor does the fact that it is written in verse, much of it not in the least distinguishable from prose, constitute a proof that, as has been loudly declared, poetry has been brought back to the theatre. There are not more than four or five passages in the play that have the radiance, the heightened quality of genuinely poetic speech. But these actors answer the telephone with distinction and Eliot has a gift for never quite omitting the cadence of poetry in the very midst of prose banalities, including phrases of his own so often repeated and modulated that they may be described by now as copyrighted

Alec Guinness and Irene Worth—"these actors answer the telephone with distinction."

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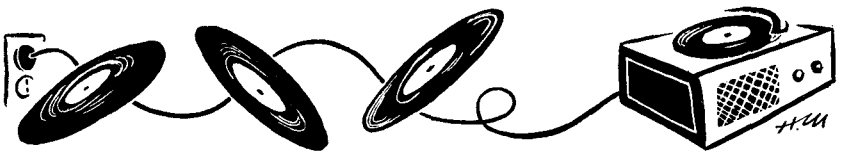
clichés of his own. These records reveal his special poetic gift, the signature of his own rhythmic sense, sometimes lavished on ideas a little too snobbish, too genteelly ecclesiastical, too elegantly devout to be quite worthy of incantation. But the actors as here recorded do justice, perhaps a little more than justice, to the fine conversational quality of Eliot's line and to the poetry shot through with wit and feeling. One wonders as one listens whether it is Alec Guinness, for all his fine voice and diction, or Eliot's literary manner that makes the psychiatrist seem sometimes so smug, so much God disguised as T. S. Eliot or Eliot disguised as God or God's priest. The story of these tangled lives, sorted out and clarified by a priestly sort of psychiatrist, is for the most part continuously absorbing. The most moving performance, to the mind of this reviewer, is given by Irene Worth, the California-born actress who sounds as British as any of them. As Celia, the girl who has to renounce the world for salvation instead of finding communion in the pattern of ordinary domestic life, Miss Worth acts with feeling and intensity and her lines, or the lines as she reads them, become the only incandescent ones in the play.

There has been some editing, rather



wise editing on the whole. The last act, which returns to the motif of a cocktail party (with which the play begins), is the least effective on the stage. It is cut almost to the bone on these records and not much is missed. The real story lies between the cocktail party in the beginning of the first act and the cocktail-party chatter in the third. The themes of the play—the strange loneliness of human nature, the sense of something missed, the longing for salvation, in one fashion or another—these are preserved in the second act, recorded almost entire. For those who have not read or seen "The Cocktail Party" (and for those who have) these records are an enchanting experience and a lesson in the reading of distinguished though not always poetic English utterances.

Decca provides a summary of the play, a slightly malicious resume by Arthur Pollock in the *New York Daily Compass*, which nonetheless makes the story and the temper clear:

> Mr. Eliot is saying in cadenced phrases, beautifully molded, spaced, and timed, that there are only a few of the globe's inhabitants, or at least of the English smart set, who are equipped to "live their own lives," or, as the phrase used to be, to live dangerously, to refuse to compromise with life—and that the few must go on seeking for their heart's desire, sure of being happier in the seeking than they otherwise would be, even though they fail and are crucified on the edge of an ant-hill. The rest of civilization's folk are competent, by spirit and intelligence, only to fit themselves as best they can into the groove, do the best they can with the humdrum, counting themselves lucky if they have a psychiatrist to help them make an adjustment to reality. . . . There is a young man and a girl he wishes loved him. The wife returns to the husband. And we learn then and thereafter what is the trouble between them. And the girl, loving the husband, learns that what she thought was good enough for her would never be good enough at all. At the psychiatrist's all three make decisions, wife and husband uncertainly, the girl, in the play's most moving scene, raptly. Life cannot be forced on her. She meets it as an equal. Two years later all save her are back at another cocktail party in the same place.

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HITS AND MISSES

WE STAGGER on the scene this month under one of the heaviest cornucopias in the history of this column. Fun for all!

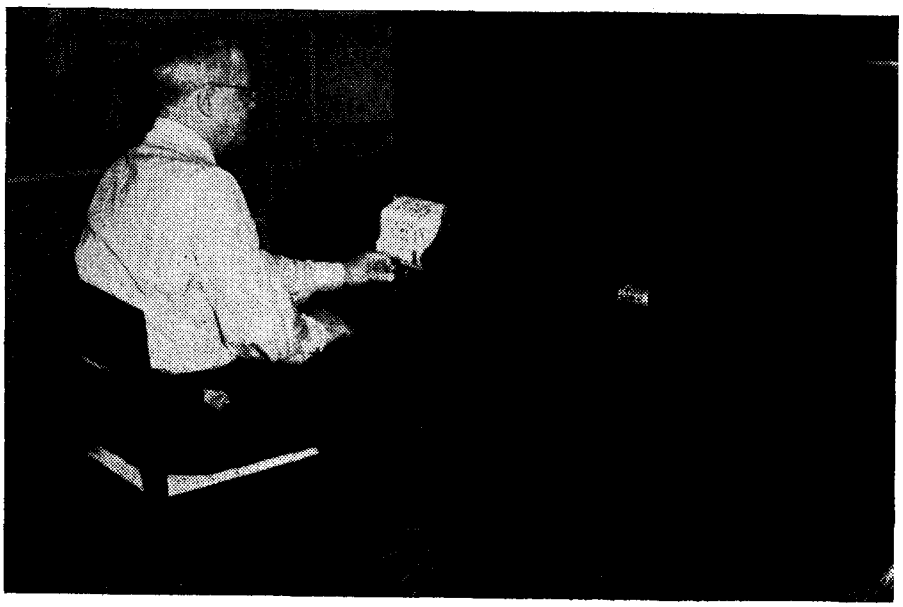
First there is a magnificent samba, "The Mambo," by D. Perez Prado, played with irresistible wallop by Dave Barbour's orchestra (Capitol 937, 79¢).

Second—good news from the piano department. The distinguished James P. Johnson, who has outlived his famous pupil "Fats" Waller and himself shows no sign of artistic decay, has made an LP disc of eight of his own compositions, including "Old-Fashioned Love" and "If I Could Be with You" (Decca DL5190, $2.85). The Johnson piano playing is one of the happiest things in this bitter world; it is all sunny, syncopated elegance, the most salubrious music imaginable. The two-piano team of Cy Walter and Stan Freeman presents an album named for their radio show, "Piano Playhouse" (M-G-M 52, $2.85), with Joe Bushkin appearing here and there as guest pianist. The tunes are Grade A—including "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World," "Falling in Love with Love," "Lady Be Good," and a piano jam session on "Indiana." We have never felt the specific magic of the highly embellished, two-piano cafe style; the textures almost inevitably get too thick and ornate for our taste. But Walter and Freeman are skilled at keeping their music articulate; they are leaders in their league, separately gifted, positively glittering together. From the laboratories of Dr. Hubert S. Pruett, of St. Louis, a ragtime addict, comes an album of "Pianola Ragtime" (Circle CD 302, $3.94) recorded from player rolls made by the legendary masters Scott Joplin and James Scott. Dr. Pruett once made headlines, as a pitcher with the St. Louis Browns, for striking out "Babe" Ruth. Now he's a well-known obstetrician in St. Louis with a hobby as a pianolist. It would be pleasant to report that the vicarious way of arriving at their music was satisfactory. It is not—being one whole step less efficient than pianola rolls themselves. The reconstructive ear, however, will have little difficulty in deciding, from what does come through the process, that Professor Joplin must have been a mighty man at the keyboard.

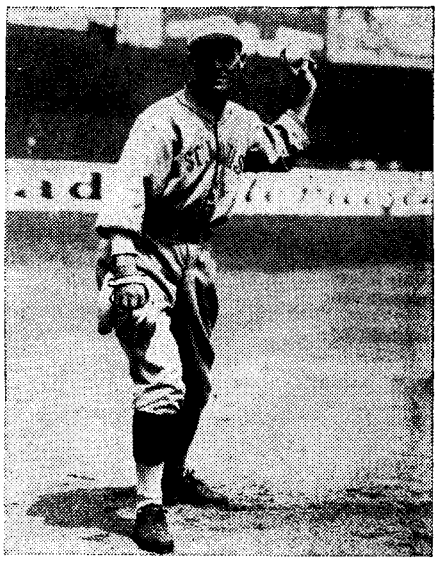
Continuing last month's lecture on Dixieland, we would say the best bands have been notable, among other things, for three qualities: (1) lyric spirit, (2) rhythmic ease, and (3) ensemble transparency. In other words, they have been melodious rather than shrill, relaxed rather than panicky, and lucid rather than scrambled. These virtues are generally conspicuous this month in three records by Dixieland veterans. Tommy Dorsey and his Clambake Seven play "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans" (RCA Victor 20-3791, 79¢) and "Tiger Rag"—the old master operates in the tailgate, as against the seraphic, range of his trombone. The cornetist Phil Napoleon and his revived Memphis Five offer a blithe revival of "Copenhagen" (Columbia 38820, 79¢). And Sharkey Bonano's New Orleans troops continue their traditionalist campaign with "In the Mood" and "Solo Mio Stomp" (Capitol 951, 79¢). This last combination includes some of the most respected Crescent City personalities and can be counted on not to spoil. The Dixieland virtues are rather too thoroughly mixed with the vices in the LP record "Dixieland Express" by another New Orleans group, Phil Zito's (Columbia CL 6110, $2.85). The band is given to forcing and clamor; all hands would do well to recall Hugues Panassié's early remark to the effect that even when the great jazz musicians are playing their fastest they play with legato feeling. The Dixieland form lends itself with treacherous ease to musical slapstick, and the best we know is by a California organization called the Firehouse Five Plus Two. We have eight 45-rpm sides of this exceedingly athletic music (Good Time Jazz, 45001-2-6, 79¢) and specifically recommend "Brass Bell" and "Everybody Loves My Baby" (45005). The comedy is much subtler than Spike Jones's and the band performs its own gymnastic feats in the way of lyricism, ease, and transparency.

At the other end of the decibel range is another curiously titled outfit: the 6 and ⅞ Band. This is a quartet of New Orleans gentlemen—a doctor, a customs official, a pine-oil manufacturer, a shipping man—who perform the music of their native town upon the mandolin, steel guitar, guitar, and string bass. They grew up under the horns of the jazz pioneers, and in an album called "6 and ⅞ Band" (Circle CD 301, $2.89) they play "Tiger Rag," "High Society," and "Clarinet Marmalade" in very dulcet and delightful style—a twangy chamber music of true New Orleans charm.

—WILDER HOBSON.



Hubert S. Pruett, an "obstetrician with a hobby as a pianolist who . . .



. . . once made headlines as a pitcher."

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AT PRADES

(*Continued from page 51*)

posters proclaim that Columbia is recording the major events of the festival. The posters, by the way, are cause for raised eyebrows because under the large name of Pablo Casals one notices in smaller type the names of such other Columbia artists as Herbert von Karajan, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, and Walter Gieseking. The linking to Casals of these artists feted not long ago in the Third Reich is odd indeed.

The recordings, carried out by English engineers though financed by the American company, are being made in the College Modèrne de Jeunes Filles—dubbed by the irreverent foreigners as the School for Young Fillies. The girls' dining room serves as the recording studio; it is also where the orchestra rehearses. Red brocade tapestries surround the room for the double purpose of shutting out street noises and dampening an initial excess of resonance. Outside is parked a shiny blue truck, which houses the latest British tape-recording equipment.

When the idea of recording the Prades festival was first mooted, Columbia wondered whether local conditions would be favorable. Any initial misgivings proved unwarranted. Proper electric current was thought to be a major bugaboo but the Prades authorities solved this quickly by dropping a wire to the recording truck from a main overhead power line. Another anticipated difficulty was the lack of a proper studio. Yet the young fillies' dining room seems remarkably good. Occasionally the trains which pass directly behind the improvised studio ruin a section of tape. For the Casals waxings a French railway timetable has proved to be an indispensable piece of equipment.

EXACTLY at five o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, June 4, Casals and the Swiss pianist Paul Baumgarten arrived in the studio to record the first two movements of Bach's Sonata in G minor for cello and piano. From my seat four feet behind Casals I studied the proceedings with fascination. A single microphone pickup was used, placed about three feet from the cello and fifteen feet from the piano. Each movement was recorded first in sections (to make it easier for Casals) and then in uninterrupted form. This mode of recording, I was informed, has nothing to do with long and short play. Whichever tape Casals approves will be used for all disc speeds. On several occasions that afternoon it was necessary, because of outside noise or because of a slight musical imperfection, to remake a section of tape. Yet no matter how many times he had to repeat a portion in the midst of a movement Casals was able always to recreate perfectly the intensity and fervor of his musical conception. Never once did he question the necessity of doing the job again.

As I finish this report the clock on the thirteenth-century church of Vernet has just struck noon. Along the street below an old woman of the village clad completely in black walks toward her home. Presently a large Buick of latest and most elaborate model comes around a corner. A party of American women is off for an afternoon excursion to while away some hours until the evening concert. The old woman moves over to the protection of a doorway and gazes benignly at the bright car and its elegant passengers, but somehow the *vieille dame* with her weather-tanned skin and her bag of provisions seems much closer to Casals and Bach. For music at Prades is something other than music in Carnegie Hall. Here under the hot sun of the Pyrenees the simple and essential core of great art is revealed with awesome clarity.

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Points on Portables

SUMMER of 1950 brings the first settled situation recordwise in two years, especially as concerns the frequently indispensable portable phonograph. Thanks to recent improvements in records and reproducing equipment, the quality standards in portables have been revised upward to the extent that a few may actually be judged in terms of real fidelity and others embody more utility, in compact form, than ever before.

At the risk of praising the 45-rpm system for the wrong thing, I would say that the self-contained RCA Victor selling at $29.95 is the ideal answer for the person who wants music in a summer place in a minimum space. This is the one which contains its own amplifier and speaker, with the changer-player mechanism. Its performance is limited in the degree that the personal radio compares with the multi-tube console but it can make either the back or front porch a livelier place. To be sure, the owner will be dependent on the makers of 45-rpm records—largely speaking, RCA and Capitol—but for summer purposes the range is wide and inexpensive. For $79.95 there is RCA model 9Y7, which provides an excellent radio as well as the 45-rpm player in a good wood cabinet. A small selection of records is provided with both.

In the three-speed field the range is wide, both in price and performance. There are several available makes without changer for less than fifty dollars. One vest-pocket job tradenamed Vanity Fair sells in the New York market for $49.95. It is hardly larger than a good-sized handbag and performance characteristics are necessarily limited. It will, however, reproduce records at all speeds with reasonable clarity. Decca makes one of the same general type, which also includes AM radio, for $44.95. Both are adequate for pop. vocalists, ensembles up to Kostelanetz-size; not recommended for more than background service in the classical repertory.

Moving into the changer-category, there are numerous possibilities. A simple solution for the records-during-summer problem is a Webster three-speed changer—about $45, the price varying in locality—which can be jacked into most radios. Even some table models these days have such facility. Quality: fair to good, depending on the size of the radio.

Webster's self-contained changer portable, priced at $79.95, is standard in its field. This plays all speeds automatically and is a great favorite among the college crowd. Provided the speaker is not overloaded, it will give acceptable reproduction of most records—LP or otherwise—now on the market. Similarly versatile, though with better speaker and amplifier, is the Gotham. This uses the Webster changer mechanism, with dual point, but the eight-inch speaker can accommodate more sound with less

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distortion. A compact, good-looking product, which will satisfy a wide variety of family requirements ($99.50).

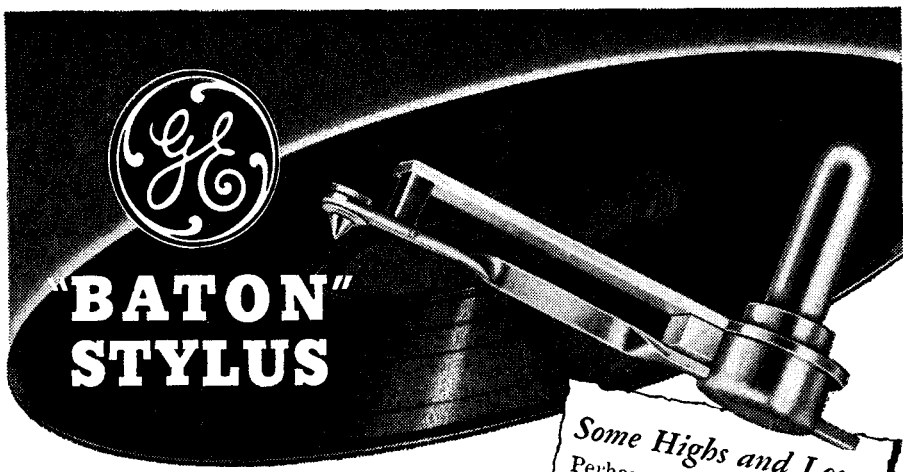
In the luxury category above this are two products of excellent design and established utility. The prince of portables is unquestionably the Libertyphone, which has kept pace with records in far corners of the world for a dozen years. Now it is geared to the three-speed problem, embodying a three-speed Webster changer, AM radio, and short wave with suitable amplifier and speaker. In cloth covering (Model 250) it is priced at $179, in leather at $224. Its globe-trotting is as celebrated as the numerous globe-trotters who own them and it can be equipped with plugs and adaptors for European currents at a modest additional cost. Latest feature is a mixer-changer, which will play seven inch, ten inch, or twelve inch in sequence.

The other de-luxe product is a newcomer called the Recitalist and made by the Rek-O-Kut Company. This was not conceived for summer use but rather for schools, businesses, forums, etc., where high-grade reproducing equipment which also embodies portability is in demand. However, it might very well appeal to a music lover who wants accurate, undistorted reproduction in his summer place and doesn't have space to accommodate a console. (Price, $179.95.)

The special features of this unit are a heavy, rim-driven turntable, reliable at all speeds, a well-designed dual-point pickup, an excellent amplifier, and a speaker mounted in the cover of the carrying case which can be detached and located separately. The controls include a series of settings for full-range recordings and older types, insuring maximum fidelity within the capacity of the speaker. Rek-O-Cut also produces an auxiliary speaker for use with the turntable-amplifier mechanism, which will improve the performance characteristic but that is more for auditorium than home use.

For school or library playing its utility is enhanced by facilities for using it as a loud-speaker system, independently or while a record is being reproduced. There is also a plug-in for a radio-tuner, converting it into a quality FM reproducing unit. The engineering standards throughout are very high, in conformity with Rek-O-Cut's status in its specialized fields.

Considering the portable market as it exists today—from compact RCA 45 to the resourceful "Recitalist"—there is no reason why musical pleasure need be suspended except in the kerosene belt. Wherever there's electricity, there can be music.



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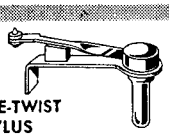
Some Highs and Lows

Perhaps the most exciting discovery this column has made concerns the familiar G-E reluctance magnetic cartridge in its long playing version. G.E., it seems, has issued as many as three types of styli already in its continuing efforts to meet the vital tracking problems. The latest type ...is astonishingly better...

If you have the earlier type of G-E needle in your cartridge by all means acquire the newest one... Congratulations to G.E. for progress in a difficult area.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

HOW COMPLIANT CAN A NEEDLE BE?



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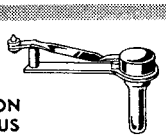

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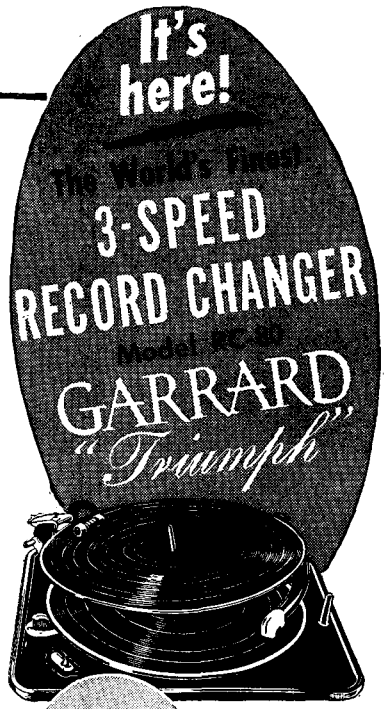

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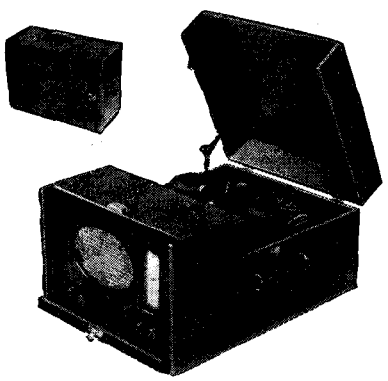

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Some Highs and Lows

TWO NEW CHANGERS

"HOW SHALL I play my multi-speed records?" Still an urgent question, the more tantalizing with a new 1950 line of player gadgets to be considered. The standard answer, however much some may object, is still in most cases going to be the three-speed changer. Alternatives abound, to be sure. Downward, we have the simple one-speed attachments, LP and 45, plus those very dubious manual-play, three-speed machines with the "all groove" needle, not recommended here. Upward, there is a splendid proliferation of new semiprofessional separate-unit equipment—but that is for later treatment.

Like autos, changers come out in new models yearly (and like cars they should last longer than that). Last year's first three-speed players were ingenious, mostly reliable, apt to be dismally complicated in the operation. (Alas, the simpler and better-made two-speeders are all but vanished now.) In 1949 the three-speed model that won hands down was Webster-Chicago's 356-27, with dual plug-in cartridges and this model is continued for the present "season." However, the cheaper and smaller 346 line, which seemed enormously complicated for a supposedly less fancy changer, is now replaced by a brand-new model that bids fair to take over both lines. This quite different animal is named 100. (Webster got into a numerical impasse with its "56" terminology that began as a model-year indication and ended as a number-of-speeds term. Four fifty-six for this year would have suggested a four-speed monster—so we have a new start with the very safe number 100!) The British Garrard company, caught offside with two speeds missing last year, is out now with another new machine, the devalued RC-80, which will furnish 100's heaviest competition, it seems likely.

I've been using both 100 and RC-80 lately and I would hate to say that one was flatly "better." Like recordings, there are points both of favor and disfavor, and my ideal changer would combine the best in both. Herewith my current observations on the two models, as they stack up in typical home use. Granted, these are but two of the current changer crop, but I suspect they are the most important.

As new developments both of these changers have been going through the inevitable shakedown, which may account for some troubles in each you may have heard of. By the time this is printed I'm confident that both changers will be up to expectations, the minor bugs removed. The Garrard machine is, first of all, the finest answer to the 45-rpm problem. I've seen. It is the first machine that has enabled me really to enjoy 45's easily and conveniently. How? Garrard dispenses with the annoying "spider" inserts and instead has an alternative center post, RCA-style, that fits into the center hole in place of the removable standard spindle. With this in place the 45's change exactly as on the little RCA machine—with one most vital difference. After the last record the arm comes to rest and the motor turns off. What a difference! (Webster's arm also comes to rest.) That and the elimination of the pesky spiders make the 45 classical albums a pleasure indeed, on RC-80.

THE Webster Chicago 100 (as with the 356) uses spider inserts for the 45 records. Not important if you have few of them; they will play perfectly well once the annoying spiders are bought and installed, one by one. The 100 is truly simplified and basically an easier machine to operate than the Garrard. It does not have to be set for size, its little feeler arm determining automatically where the needle will be set down—whereas RC-80's similar feeler arm merely tells the machine when to turn itself off. One hundred will operate manually with ease and can be stopped, if the phone rings, and restarted; RC-80's start switch throws the reject into operation. Once the knack of 100's overhead bridgework is learned, it can be swung into action extremely quickly and efficiently, whereas RC-80 still involves inserting the removable spindle, setting the size indicator, and so on.

But these are the outward and immediate annoyances or lack of same. Prudent persons will look further. One hundred, Webster-Chicago, may be the easiest to operate but I wonder (I haven't tried) just how long that invitingly large overhead swinging arm is going to stay unwrenched and undamaged—whether by small fry or impatient adults. The mechanism would seem to me inherently easier to force than Garrard's, if any forcing is likely to be tried. I note, too, that the first record, on 100, can easily be seated wrongly, the feeler arm subsequently getting itself tangled up

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among and between the discs, disaster in the offing. With reasonable care disasters certainly will not happen —but consult your own conscience and gauge your children's abilities before deciding! I am sure that 100 is basically a sound and efficiently simple changer that will improve with every month it is manufactured and I recommend it (with dual plug-in cartridges) for most average needs where quickness and convenience count, where 45's are not heavily used, and where space and cash are at a premium.

Garrard's RC-80 is, I'd say, the quality machine, especially for modest hi-fi installations. It should be harder to damage in a rambunctious household, even if slightly cumbersome in operation. It has the heavier and quieter motor-turntable system — a vital point. (Some buzzings in early models have been corrected, I'm told.) It is the ideal 45 changer and manages other records well. Though its belt-pulley drive system is permanently "in gear," where 100's pulleys swing free in the stop position, Garrard says that "flats" are highly unlikely and so far I have observed none in my machine. The RC-80 will fit into any former Garrard mounting, if you are modernizing; its plug-in heads take the standard magnetic cartridges and the arm includes automatic muting switch as well as motorstop. (One hundred comes to rest but does not switch off.) Two good machines—take your choice.

At presstime word has come through on the new Columbia player, which changes 33-rpm records automatically. Comment will be forthcoming on this next month.

—Edward Tatnall Canby.

Eighteenth-Century Whatnot

APPEARANCE of not one more, but two more, versions of Beethoven's octet opus 103 (bringing to three the issues of this wholly obscure work since the first of the year) should make a record critic as wary of specific statements as a politician. There has been precedent for hedging when the work was the "Eroica" or the "Jupiter" but if we are going to have duplicate issues of works so special as this, future opinions in this publication are likely to carry the admonishment of the timetables: "Subject to change without notice."

The interests of the performances themselves are considerable, however, and worth a paragraph or two. Both recent ones are from Europe, specifically from places where the art of wind playing is highly cultivated: a Vox issue (LP 6130, $4.85) from Paris and a Westminister (WL 50-3, $5.85) from Vienna. To characterize the performance it is hardly necessary to say more than that the French group is supervised by Ferdinand Oubrados and the Vienna players are from the Vienna Philharmonic. There is wonderful precision in the French ensemble and a rather reserved statement of the musical thought; there is nearly as fine playing, a little richer in sonority, broader in vibrato, from the Vienna winds, and a more subjective feeling about the music. On this level critical distinctions are futile; both are measurably superior to the American issue by EMS. That was quite good; these are quite wonderful.

There is, however, a bonus side in each case and I think it is likely to draw most customers Vox-ward. For they have coupled it with nothing less than Mozart's "Musikalische Spass," long one of most sought-after cut-outs in the Kolisch-plus-horns version on RCA Victor. If the kited value of that album has not dwindled like ice under the summer sun, it should soon. This is not merely Long Playing *and* better recorded but a more subtle treatment of Mozart's very broad joke. When the hornists J. Devemy and M. Delwarde contrive to make beautiful sound out of Mozart's purposeful distortions you know there are masters at work. Sly, insinuating execution, full of art and understanding. The Westminister pairing is Beethoven's E flat sextet for clarinets, bassoons, and horns, a likable work of slight personality. The end results may be heard in the finale of the "Eroica," certain parts of the "Pastorale," and the Seventh Symphony. Those who want the working model will find it here. Fine recording, to be sure.

This eighteenth-century Beethoven has suitable company in other issues this month, of which the best-advertised is by no means the most interesting. That is the Divertimento No.

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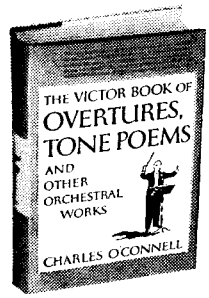

Body by fission

𝄞 𝄞 𝄞 It's summertime when the orchestras trot out their shorter-haired, higher-spirited warhorses. From the Lewisohn Stadium and the Charles River to the Hollywood Bowl, Gioacchino (*Heigh-Ho*) Rossini and Peter (*Our Love*) Tchaikovsky are entered, while the heavier *Mahlerei* is scratched.

𝄞 𝄞 𝄞 That's why we're telling you about the just-published Victor Book of Overtures, Tone Poems and Other Orchestral Works by Charles O'Connell ($3.95 at all bookstores). It's the first comprehensive book devoted exclusively to those highly popular forms of orchestral music that get scant attention in the customary guides to symphonic fare.

𝄞 𝄞 𝄞 Its genesis runs something like this: Mr. O'Connell's original, now out-of-print "Victor Book of the Symphony" sold well over 90,000 copies in its fifteen years of life. It was popular, all right, but we (Mr. O'C. and the publishers) felt it wasn't nearly comprehensive enough for the growing sophistication of our country's symphony enthusiasts. It listed only 52 symphonies and 32 concertos.

𝄞 𝄞 𝄞 So, by a process of fission the single book was expanded into three: The Victor Book of Symphonies (138 symphonies described), The Victor Book of Concertos (130 concertos), and the present Victor Book of Overtures, etc., etc. (314 et ceteras). Each costs $3.95.

𝄞 𝄞 𝄞 This latest in the trilogy is the fattest (614 pages) but by no means the heaviest reading. Just a fine body of book. The author does full and serious justice to seven Strauss tone poems, to Debussy's *La Mer*, and the other mighty works of this sort. But his gay, perceptive pen doesn't go thrashing about the innards of a Mozart Divertimento or an Auber Overture. It just serves an appropriately light *apéritif*.

𝄞 𝄞 𝄞 *Suggestion*: Write your name and address on these three lines

Then cut out this column, circle the titles you would like to buy, enclose a check or money order for $3.95 for each title, and send it all to your bookseller, or to Music Editor, Simon and Schuster, Inc., 1230 Sixth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

H.W.S.

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Franz Holletschek—Piano

WL 50-16
MOZART:
SYMPHONY #37, G MAJOR. K 444
Vienna Symphony Orchestra
Conducted by Henry Swoboda
MICHEL HAYDN:
TURKISH SUITE From The MUSIC TO VOLTAIRE'S "ZAIRE"
Vienna Symphony Orchestra
Conducted by Henry Swoboda

WL 50-17
KARL STAMITZ:
SINFONIA CONCERTANTE in F MAJOR, For 7 Solo Instruments & Orch.
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The Saturday Review

15 of Mozart (K.287) in B flat, for strings and two horns, with Arturo Toscanini conducting an NBC Symphony ensemble. Those to whom numbers are hard going will recognize it as the one formerly available in a version with Joseph Szigeti as premier violin and in another by Fiedler and a BSO group.

Very few, however, would recognize it as played by Toscanini and his fanatically precise ensemble. It suggests a vintner who has exerted every effort to make a superior wine—but kept the hulls and thrown away the juice. The wrinkles in Toscanini's brow are almost visible in this intent playing but if this curvaceous, easy-going music was meant to cut with this searing edge of tone, to rise and fall with such a graphlike dynamic curve, or display bow-arm facility like a mass performance of Paganini's "Moto Perpetuo" then I am ignorant of Mozart style—as are Beecham, Szigeti, Walter, Busch, and every other conductor *but* Toscanini. Typically glassy, edgy Toscanini string tone, but also exceptional clarity. In other words, the skeleton of a good recording, without the flesh (RCA Victor LM 13, $4.45).

Much more to my taste is the K.204 "Serenade" of Mozart (No. 5 in A) for strings, oboes, flutes, horns, trumpets, and bassoon on a Westminister disc (WL 50-5, $5.95). It is, at least, treated like music, not as a cross-examination of the players' devotion to the conductor. The seven moments are a succession of delights, of no definable character save Mozart at his readiest and most outspoken. Swoboda conducts with steady skill, the playing is expert, and the recording, though a little tape-shrill, is splendidly balanced. The final half of the second side contains the three-movement Symphony No. 22 in C, a lively work of Mozart's seventeenth year, which might be a continuation of the foregoing, allowing for variations in scoring. Nothing formidable but welcome enough.

It was only a few weeks ago that some remarks about Koussevitzky's direction of Mozart's "Linz" closed with the words that it was "likely to be surpassed by any good LP that comes along." So far as performance, the version by Klemperer with the Pro Musica Orchestra on VOX PL 6280 is it, but the unresonant studio recording is slight inducement. Maybe this is the way the orchestra sounded in the hall, in which case they should have found a different hall. Klemperer's conducting has profile and rhythmic finesse, also some unwanted impetuosity, but on the whole it is satisfactory. To compare Klemperer's overside version of the early G minor (No. 25) with the pioneer Wallenstein version of about 1938 would be to conclude that recording has not greatly improved in the interim save for LP. However, both are examples only of the worst of the two epochs. Klemperer's direction is superb here, with just the right accent for this Gluckish creation, but unless you have a machine which can provide vibrato where the violins have none, be prepared for Europe's answer to 8H.

More than a paragraph is commanded by this month's deposit in the bank of our affections by the Haydn Society: a pairing of the symphonies No. 38 in C and 39 in G minor on HSLP 1010, $5.95, and a combination of No. 82 in C ("The Bear") with No. 85 in B flat ("The Queen") on HSLP 1008. All these are from the hand of Jonathan Sternberg, using the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, and no notable improvement on the four-square performances described on previous occasions. Not bad for sight-reading but dull indeed as a performance. However, it takes much to blemish the celestial slow movement of "La Reine" to make it "Rien." The letter is there if not the spirit. The Haydn Society has also issued the "Missa Cellensis" in C, with Dr. Hans Gillesberger conducting (HSLP 2011, $5.95). Comment will be forthcoming next month on this. —THE EDITOR.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Day, Dennis, with Freddy Martin. RCA-Victor 20-3789, 79¢.	Putting words to Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" is a good trick if you can do it. What we have is not as funny as the familiar folk version of the trio but maybe that isn't the object. Day performs with fervor if not conviction.
Goodman, Benny: "On the Alamo," etc. Columbia LP 6100, $2.85.	Eight excellent items from the Goodman file combined on a second LP issue from Columbia. My preference is for the instrumentals such as "Pound Ridge," "Honeysuckle Rose," and "After You've Gone," but there is more to "How Long Has This Been Going On?" than the vocal of Peggy Lee, or Helen Forrest on "Perfidia." Those who have the originals of these will find that the details throughout are much clearer, better balanced in the LP treatment than previously.
Hackett, Bobby: "Soft Lights and Sweet Music," etc. Brunswick LP 58014, $2.85.	Almost any one of these, from "Soft Lights" to "With a Song in My Heart," including "What Is There to Say?," Gershwin's "Soon," and "But Not for Me," and Porter's "Easy to Love," is a pleasure as caressed by Hackett's sensitive style on trumpet but, together, they have a little too much sameness for consecutive listening. This reservation stated, Hackett may be endorsed as an expressive master of his instrument, in very good form here. Bill Challis is in charge of the orchestra.
Haggart, Bobby: "By the Waters of the Minnetonka." M-G-M 10986, 79¢.	Bass-player Haggart, who made the barely audible whistle famous on his "Big Noise from Winnetka," gives it a 1950 intonation in a far from reverent treatment of the Indian idyl. However, Haggart is needlessly diffident with his whistling; it's the best thing on the side, and too little. Over yonder the tune is "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home" delivered in good big-band style, minus whistle.
Leighton, Bernie: "Laura," etc. Columbia LP 6112, $2.85.	Another aspirant to the Duchin-Carle mantle, Leighton's is made of less ornate material, worn more simply. The succesive tunes are quietly, tastefully delivered by Leighton at the piano against a rhythm background. Included are "Soft Lights and Sweet Music," "Lost in a Fog," "Please," "Mean to Me," and that special delight "Gypsy in My Soul."
McKinley, Ray: "The Lonesomest Whistle." RCA Victor 20-3769, 79¢.	Clever performance by McKinley in the Mercer-Carmichael manner though neither so wry nor so dry as these. Better material would help, for Mr. Mac has the rhythmic sense, the deft touch to carry out any ideas entrusted to him. Overside "The Cane Bottom Chair," which is not quite "Rockin' Chair."
Melchior, Lauritz, etc. "Student Prince" excerpts. Decca LP 7008, $3.85.	Robust treatment, under the direction of Victor Young, of eight favorite excerpts from the Romberg score. Melchior is certainly the oldest student ever enrolled in *alt* Heidelberg, but he proves himself indisputably a graduate *cum laude* of Schubert University. After all, if Pinza, why not Melchior? His English is better, anyway. Against roaring competition Jane Wilson sings very well in "Deep in My Heart" and, without Melchior, Lee Sweetland and Gloria Lane (of "Consul" fame) do neatly in "Just We Two." Excellent recording though Melchior sounds as though he were in the control room, not in the studio.
Sinatra, Frank: "American Beauty Rose," etc. Columbia LP 6119, $2.85.	Another in Columbia's new series, in which are combined eight current favorites (Columbia hopes) by as many different performers. Provided you like each of the tunes sung or played by Cugat, Harry James, Doris Day, Herb Jeffries, Les Brown, Dinah Shore, and Arthur Godfrey, this is a good buy. Otherwise, good-by!
Tatum, Art: "I Got Rhythm," etc. Brunswick LP 58013, $2.85.	The brilliant piano stylist in a series of characteristically involuted, but never overdone, specialities: "Honeysuckle Rose," "Cocktails for Two," "After You've Gone," "Moonglow," in addition to the Gershwin classic, which is virtually Tatum's now by right of conquest. Rhythm accompaniment.
Torme, Mel: "Bewitched." Capitol 1000, 79¢.	Another slow burn for the present blaze of interest in the favorite Rodgers-Hart tune from "Pal Joey." If they sang it this way in the show, it would have been longer than "Götterdämmerung"—and no more fun.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(*Continued from page 55*)

been proved in practice; I doubt whether such a stream of new and unfamiliar music has ever previously been waxed as in the first two years of the LP era. The crowning irony of this statement lies in the fact that on the very day it appeared in print Decca engineers were busy in Vienna with the task of recording Mozart's "Entführung" for the first time.

MORE sensible if still cautious comment comes from Alec Robertson and Lionel Salter, both well-known record reviewers. Robertson ends by opining that "a new era, clearly enough, now dawns for the gramophone, but I do not propose to make a bonfire of all my 'complete' recordings. Let us wait and see!" Salter, on the other hand, finds some pathetically amusing complaints. "It is going to be much harder now, if one wants for any reason to go back to a certain bar, to find the right spot and lower the needle without damaging the grooves, and the general danger of small breaks in the groove walls in fortissimo passages is obvious. It will be impossible to mark up discs for demonstration, school, or lecture use and certain broadcasting purposes. And LP records are a blow to people who, like myself, think they have at last mastered the art of reading music (the circular variety); having, like Sam Weller, only eyes and not a pair of patent double million magnifying glass microscopes, my vision is limited."

In view of all the above commotion, it is as well that there are but few new records to hand at the time of writing, the EMI lists being brief as is usual at this time of year, and none of Decca's releases of either speed having arrived in time. The only set of really outstanding interest is the first independent recording of Sibelius's Sixth Symphony in D minor, Op.104; the only previous version was to be found in Vol. III of the Sibelius Society. The Sixth has been the least popular among Sibelius's symphonies, a fact which Cecil Gray explains being due to its falling between the stools of the appreciation of the many (like Nos. 2 and 5) and the appreciation of the few (like Nos. 4 and 7). Listening to the performance by Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic, which is superb save for some doubtful string playing here and there, it is difficult to understand the neglect of so pleasant and typically Sibelian a work. The frozen wastes of No. 4 are only here in moderation and the brassy vulgarities of No. 2 are happily absent. I for one feel that it is all the better for such shortcomings. Beecham shows once again that he is the Finnish master's most persuasive advocate and the recording is in HMV's best vein.

Some of Decca's May releases arrived too late for inclusion last month and among these was the first recording of Roussel's Suite in F major, Op.33. The three movements, Prelude, Sarabande, and Gigue, while paying lip-service to classical forms, are far more distinctive and rewarding than the bulk of facile neo-classical compositions French composers and others under their influence have turned out during the past thirty or forty years. Some of the playing by the London Philharmonic lacks the required finish but Munch's lively direction and Decca's superb recording make ample amends for the occasional rough edge. Of all modern American music above the level of musical comedy no piece is as well loved here as Samuel Barber's Adagio for Strings, Op. 11. This beautiful piece has now taken its place in the regular repertoire of every string orchestra and it has been recorded by the Boyd Neel Strings. This body may not possess the sonority of the NBC strings (whose waxing has been available here for more than five years) but this is largely compensated by Decca's superior string tone.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Vienna Echo?

SIR: Since I am an old and always sympathetic reader . . . maybe you will not take it amiss if I point out what must be a slight mistake in the answer you . . . gave to Mr. Jerome A. Gross in the last item of the monthly record section May 27. It says . . . that the Von Karajan Beethoven Ninth suffers from a bad case of the Vienna echo . . . [it] is a model of high fidelity and clean sound. . . . About the only fault I could find with the recording is that it is so . . . dynamic it will pile up in anything but the finest high-fidelity reproducers.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The statement in reply to reader Gross's question was made on the strength of a hearing of test pressings some months ago in Columbia's New York office. The echo was quite apparent. If, however, another session produced a better product it could be the marketed one to which reader Randolph refers.*

Spotlight on Berger

SIR: Let's have Arthur Berger's "Spotlight on Moderns" as a monthly column.

JOHN ANDREW FISHER.

Centennial, Wyo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The spotlight will shine whenever there is enough to merit illumination.*

Where Is Sack?

SIR: In recent months I have enjoyed Mercury, Capitol, and London recordings of the voice of Erna Sack. Can you tell me where she is now? Has she survived the war, and is she still singing?

J. L. BOYD, JR.

College Park, Ga.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Latest information has Sack touring in South America—a war-survivor, and still singing. Readers with more accurate details of Sack's activities are invited to communicate.*

HMV and LP

SIR: Is the English HMV Co. planning to press LP microgroove records? I am very anxious to see that they do.

KING LOU.

Stockton, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *According to information of last month, Decca's entry into the English market with LP releases would probably start a chain-reaction extending to both HMV and Columbia. As noted on page 55, that entry has now been made, and it is probable that the other "majors" there will come along early in the fall.*

Up with the Moussorgsky!

SIR: Grateful as one must be for the LP "revolution," there is the danger many outstanding recordings will be overlooked in the onrush of new companies and "societies," with their unfamiliar repertoire. I am disturbed when reviewer Gelatt slides over Columbia's remarkable new Moussorgsky "Songs and Dances of Death," which he merely mentions as a flip-over filler to the Tourel-Bernstein-Ravel "Scheherezade." I can understand the critic's enthusiasm for the latter performance but even then an adequate discussion of the Moussorgsky wonders remains indispensable. . . . Columbia's release of the cycle is in the best sense educational. . . . Fortunately, Columbia serves its cause by selecting Jennie Tourel as interpreter. . . . Such artistic projection permits us full comprehension of the music majesty.

JOHN WHITBECK CLARK.

Rochester, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We are in agreement with everything that Mr. Clark has to say about the "Songs and Dances of Death" and only regret that we didn't have the space in which to say it when the review appeared. LP has, in effect, doubled the number of album works with each issue and the procedure might well be instituted of writing about one side one month and the other the next. We also agree with Mr. Clark that the "celebrated and little-known" "Sunless" cycle of Moussorgsky might be next from Miss Tourel.*

Down with LP

SIR: London's troubles with Haydn's "Drum Roll" symphony re-emphasize the obsolescence of the LP disc, which (despite its superiority to old discs) has been notable chiefly for delaying the introduction of real long-play—infinitely flexible, high-fidelity magnetic tape. The ten- and twelve-inch LP discs are among the most technically reactionary developments of postwar commerce. Seven inches is big enough for a disc, and 45 is the most convenient seven-incher. . . .

ROBERT M. WALLACE.

University of Alabama

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Whatever the arguments for or against the convenience of tape, the present problem of duplicating the sound impression puts the final cost much beyond that of flat discs, which can be pressed on a stamper. When tape can be processed with comparable ease a review of the whole situation may be in order.*

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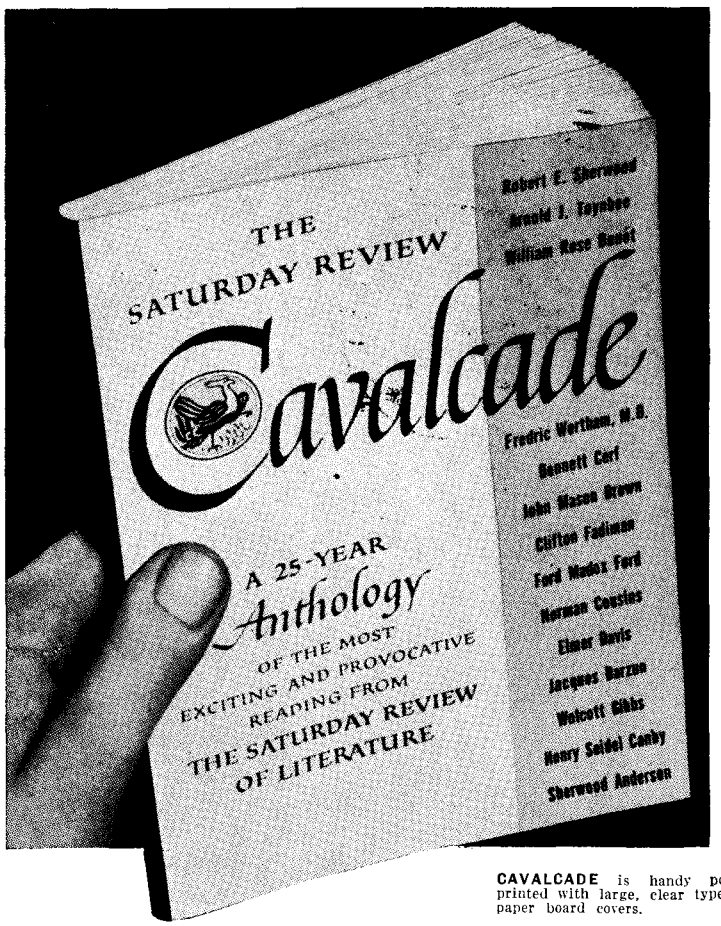

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